

THE
TRAGEDY
^{O F}
ORESTES,

Written by THOMAS GOFFE,
Master of *Arts*, and Student of
Christ Church in OXFORD:

AND

Acted by the STUDENTS of the same
HOUSE.



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The Prologue.

THe hush'd contentments of two silent howres,
Breath pleasing ayres on these attentive eares;
And since wee see in this well furnish'd roome,
All our best neighbours are so kindly met,
Wee would devise some pleasing talke to spend:
The lazie howres of the tedious night:
But for our owne inuention, 'twas too weake,
Whereon our young Muse durst wholly leane.
We heere present for to reuine a tale;
Which once in Athens great Eurypedes
In better phrase at such a meeting told
The learn'd Athenians with much applause:
The same we will retell vnto your eares,
Whose Atticke iudgement is no lesse then theirs:
We bere as builders which doe oft take stones,
From out old buildings, then must hew and cut,
To make them square, and fitting for a new;
So from an old foundation we haue taken,
Stones ready squar'd for our new edifice,
Which if in pleasing our weake skill offends
In making corners disproportionate,
Some roome too narrow or some loft too high;
Yet we will hope, if the whole structure fall,
Your hands like props will serue to beare up all.

Spoken by the Author himselfe.

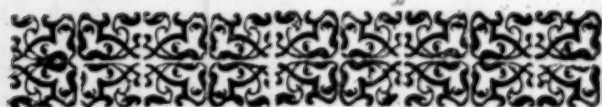
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The names of the Actors.

Agamemnon,	<i>King of Greece.</i>
Clytemnestra,	<i>The Queen.</i>
Tyndarus,	<i>Clytemnestra's father.</i>
Strophius,	<i>Father to Pylades.</i>
Orestes, son to Agam.	} <i>Two deare friends.</i>
Pylades, son to Stroph.	
Electra,	<i>Daughter to Agamemnon.</i>
Ægystheus,	<i>Adulterer with Clytemnestra.</i>
Mylander.	<i>A Favorite, and Parasite.</i>
<i>A young Childe of Ægystheus</i>	
Nurse.	
<i>Two Lords.</i>	
Chamberlaine.	
A Boy.	
Attendants.	



The Tragedie of ORESTES.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter as from warre, Agamemnon: Clytemnestra: Orestes:

Pylades: Egysseus: cum ceteris.

Agam.



Ow a faire blessing bleffe my dearest earth,
And like a Bride adorne thy royall brow,
With fruits rich Garland; a new married Bride
Vnto thy King and his band, who too long
Hath left thee widdowed: O, me thinks I see

How all my Grecians with vnfatiate lookes
And greedy eyes doe bid mee welcome home:

Turnes to the
spectators.

Each eare that heares the clamour seemes to grieue
It cannot speake, and giue a (welcome King:)

Come Clytemnestra, let not anger make

His wrinkled seat vpon my loues faire brow,

I haue too long beene absent from thy bed,

Chide me for that anon, when arme in arme

I shall relate those proiects in lone termes,

Which when they first were acted, made Mars feare

To see each man turn'd to a God of warre.

Clyt. O my deare Lord, absence of things wee loue,

Thus intermixt, makes them the sweeter proue:

That your departure pierc'd my tender soule,

Witnesse those Christall floods which in my eyes

Did make a sea, when you should goe to sea,

Thos' streames which then flow'd from the veines of grieffe

At your returne doe ouerflow the banks.

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Buc

The Tragedie of Orestes.

But tis with ioy. *Agam.* Now these eares indeed
Haue chang'd their place: they which were wont to heare
No musique but the summoning of warre
Blowne thorow discords brazen instrument,
Are blessed now with accents that doe fill
My age-dry'd veynes with youthfull blood againe.

These eyes which had no other obiect once,
But Hector twixt the armes of Greece and Troy,
Hewing downe men, and making euery field
Flow with a sea of blood; now see's blood flow
In my Orestes cheeke: heauen blesse this plant
Sprung from the sap of this now iuicelisse oake;
Now be thy branches Greene, vnder whose shade
I may be shaddowed from the heat of warre.

*Orestes
kneels.*

Rise young Orestes, Oh how it glads my soule,
To see my *Queene* and *Sonne*, my *Sonne* and *Queene*.

Clyt. But come my Lord, true loue still hates delays,
Let no eares first be blessed with your breath,
Till on my brest resting your wearied head,
You tell your warre, while that the field's your bed.

Agam. My *Queen* shal haue her wil, see how times change,
I that last night thought all the world a sea,
As if our common mother earth, had now
Shot herselfe wholly into *Neptunes* armes,
And the strong hinders of the world had crackt,
Letting the moone fall into th' swelling waues,
Such watry mountaines oft did seeme to rise,
And quite o'rwelme vs, all the winds at warre,
Banded the sea one to the others coasts,
Ioue thinking *Neptune* gan to striue for heauen,
Senta new sea from thence, and with his thunder,
Bad silence to the waues, they vncontrold,
Kept on their noyse, and let their fury swell,
Turning heauen, earth, sea, clouds, and all to hell,
Each Troian that was saued then gan to cry,
Happy were they that did with *Priam* die.
It glads mee now to thinke, that that night was
No starre, no, not *Orion* there appear'd,
But this night's turn'd to day, and heere doth shine,
For a good *Owen* my imbraced *Queene*.

With

The Tragedie of Orestes.

With whom her *Agamemnon* still will stay,
Till age and death shall beare him quite away.

Exeunt Agamemnon: Clytemnestra: cum ceteris.

SCEN. II.

manet Egysteus.

Egyst. **A**Nd that shall be ere long, tush (shall be's) slow,
My vengefull thoughts tell mee thou now art
Fie faint *Apollo*, weakling infant-God, (dead.
Why wouldst thou let lame *Vulcan's* hammers beat
Downe those braue Turrets which thou help'dst to build?
Venus, I see thou art a woman now,
Which here are like to take a double foyle,
For me, that whilome reueld in thy campe
In the sweet pleasures of incestuous sheets
Must leaue our lou'd vnfatiate desires:
But now begin, thou blacke *Eumenides*,
You hand-mayds of great *Dia*, let such a flame
Of anger burne mee, as doth *Etna's* forge,
On fury, on, our hate shall not die thus:
I'll draw my poysonous arrow to the length,
That it may hit the marke and fly with strength. *Exit.*

SCEN. III.

Enter Orestes: Pylades:

Orest. **C**OME now my dearest friend, my other selfe,
My empty soule is now fild to the top,
Brimfull with gladnesse, and it must runne o'r
Into my deare friends heart: those siluer hayres,
Which Time hath crown'd my Fathers brow withall,
Doe shine within mine eyes, and like the Sunne,
Extract all drossie vapors from my soule,
Like as the earth, whom frost hath long benumb'd,
And brought an icie drinesse on her face,
Her veines so open at a sudden thaw,
That all plants, fruits, flowers, and tender grafts,
Kept as close prisoners in their mothers wombe,
Starts out their heads, and on a sudden doth
The sad earths countenance with a summer looke,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

So in this brest, here in this brest, deare friend,
Whiles *Annus* ten times circled in the world
Ten clumzie winters, and ten lagging springs
Hath with my Fathers absence frozen beene
All thoughts of ioy, which now shall make a spring
In my refreshed soule;

" Things that wee daily see th'affections cloy,

" Hopes long desired bring the greatest ioy :

Pyl. Nay, but deare Cousin, giue not the reines too much

To new receiued ioyes, lest that they runne

With so much speed, that they out-breath themselves :

Your Father is come home ; but being come

Should now some wilfull afterclap offate

(Which *Omen* ~~late~~ forbid should come to passe)

But take him hence againe, and crosse your ioy :

Each sparke of gladnesse which you now conceine,

Would turne a flame, for grieve still on extreme

Altring his course, turnes to the diuers theame.

Orest. Tush *Pylades*, talke not of what may be,

Wee may, indeed it sh^d clearest afternoone

Expect a storme. *Pyl.* Yes, and such stormes oft come,

And wet shrewd too, before we get at home.

Orest. O, but I'll be above all fatall power :

I that have such a Father new come home,

I that have such a friend, such too rare gifts,

Who gave mee these gifts, thought no scowling frowne

Of angry fortune e'r should throw mee downe :

Pyl. Call them not gifts *Orestes*, th'are but lent,

Meere lendings friend, and lendings we must pay,

When e'r the owner shall appoint his day.

Orest. True, *Pylades*, but owners vs to warne

Their debtors when they must bring in their summes,

But heauens tell mee with fauouring aspects,

I still must keepe their lendings, and possesse,

With frolike ioy, all their happinesse.

Pyl. Trust not the heauen too much, although they smile,

Good looks doe mortall hearts too oft beguile :

The heauens are vsurers ; and as oft 'tis seene

A full pought churle giue a most faire good Euen

To his poore Creditor : who trusting that

Hath

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Hath slackt his payment : on the morrow next
He hath beene rooted out by the tuskie boare,
Which gaue thee faire good Euen the day before :
The heauens can doe thus too ———

Orest. Tush : mortalls must
Leane on the sacred Heauen with greater trust ;
But it growes farre in night, come let vs in
To morrow shall our ioyes a fresh begin.

Exeunt.

SCEN. IV.

*Enter Agist. Clyt. with naked daggers,
Agam. lying in his bed.*

Egyst. Night, now onely spred thy sable wings
Ouer this climate, gather all thy fogs
That they may meet, and make thy face more blacke :
Let horrid murder take thee by the hand
And come along : I haue a prodigie
Equall to all the murders, all the blood
That hath been shed in all Troyes ten yeeres seige
So, snore returned King ; good *Morpheus* hang
Thy leaden weights vpon his drowisie eyes
Let him not wake till he shall see himselfe,
Drencht in a sea of his vermilian goare :
Thou doest no Trojan, now no *Hector* scare,
But yet I'll shew thee a new *Hector* here.

*He
draws the
curtaine.*

Clyt. See, I'll turne man too now, and to the hate
Which women beare, I'll adde a manly strength,
My minde does tremble, what I meane to doe
Breath forth your vapors, O ye stygian powers,
And listen to hatefull womans prayers.
Pluto stand by me, for to aide my hand,
I may strike home now, and performe an act
May make *Medea* blush, she thought not of :
Could the old dry bon'd dotard euer dreame,
Now he had drawn forth all his strength abroad,
He could be welcome to lye bedred here
And supple his numbe ioynts in my fresh armes ?

Egyst. Spoke like a queene, spoke like *Egystens* loue,
Now

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Now great *Thyestes* Genius, which didst prompt
Mee to this act, come, be-spectator now,
And see reuenge for Athens bloody feast.
And thou wrong'd *Clytemnestra* call to minde
How his vnfatiate, lustfull, loath'd desire
Doted on euerie female face he saw,
Rap't the Priests daughter, and so brought a plague
On all the Grecian host: *Clytem.* yes, yes, *Agistens* yes
And rap't yong *Briseis* from *Achilles* bed;
Crowd all reuengefull thoughts into this houre,
Now let thy sword let out that lustfull blood
Wound him *Agistens*, kill him not at once, *Agist.*
We'll be true Tyrants, let him feele he dies *stabs him.*

Agam. Helpe *Clytemnestra*, helpe me my deare Queene.
Clytem. Yes dorard I will helpe thee, thus, yes thus:
Remember the Priests daughter: this for her, *She stabs*
And this for *Briseis*: *Agam.* see, my Grecians, see, *him.*
Your King which you so gladly entertain'd:
Sol hide thy selfe in euerlasting night,
Or when thou risest let thy blushing face,
Make these to blush; *Clytem.* I, so, curse on, curse on:

Agam. O *Clytemnestra*, O my once deare wife,
Is this the entertainment that thou giu'st;
Thy new come husband, gratular'st thou thus
My ten yeers absence? see these frosty haire
Would euen mooue *Hecuba* to pittie me,
Looke on these aged armes which in this bed
Thought to haue bene blessed with thy kinde imbrace,
Clytem. Yes, mine or *Cassandra's*, old adulterer?

Agam. Kinsman *Agistens*; O my dearest wife
Whom shall I call; me thinkes you both are mine,
What *Tisjui*, what *Megara* hath put on
Agistens and my *Clytemnestra's* shapes?

Agist. Calst thou us friends? *Stabs him againe.*

Agam. O be not so, and I'll not call you so:
Let not your coward weapons wound this head,
That earst did scorne to shrink at *Priams* blow.
O hew me not downe thus for my sonns sake,
Deare *Clytemnestra* for *Orestes* sake.
Is this the Trojan tale how I should tell!

That

The Tragedie of Orestes.

That here great *Hector* slew *Antiochus*,
And here that *Meonides* was slaine,
And poore *Prothesilaus* deare to *Laodamie*:
I thought to tell how these men lost their blood;
And see my blood is thus let forth at home.

Egyt. Is your hot blood yet cold! *Clyt.* breath dotard, do?
You shall haue gapes inough to let your soule
Finde a free passage to his deserued flames.

Agam. No pittie yet? O then, no pittie light
On you, nor yours; but let dire reuenge
Come learne how she may after handle you:
O, I am drown'd in blood, and now must yeeld
To murderers weapons; treason win's the field;
Alas this comming home hath had small ioy,
Argos hath worser toes then euer *Troy*.

Clyt. Now I am *Clytemnestra* right, now I deserue
To adde one more to the three Furies, now
Doe I count this more then my nuptiall night
'Tis mine, tis thine *Egytheus*, and none else
Shall sh are a minute of this right, but we.

Egyt. Me thinks I now goe equall with the starres
And my proud head toucheth the highest pole,
Harke, Hell applauds me, and me thinks I heare *Auoyse*.
Thyestes tell me I haue done enough:
And now I kisse my hands, whilst yet they beare
This tincture on them, and embrace my *Queene*,
Now made my loue; lets in, this night the Fates
Haue amply fed vs with reuengefull cates. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

*Enter Orestes, as from his bed, unbuttoned
in slippers, a torch in his hand.*

VV Hat horrid dreams affright me? I see naught
That I should feare, and yet me thinks I feare.
Mine eyes scarce clos'd, my busie fancy saw
A sight that dashit all comforts of the day:
Me thought my Father lying in his tent,
Hatefull *Achilles* for his wronged loue
Comes in with *Briséis*, and they two let forth
Streames of fresh blood from out his aged side;

With

The Tragdie of Orestes.

With that his Eccho'd schrieke did make me wake,
But I remembered then he was come home,
And yet I'll see him, still me thinks I quake,
Doe I still dreame? are not mine eyes vnclos'd? *he drawes*
Is this a torch? yes, 'tis, it burnes, I see *the curtaine*
I am awake, does not delude menight!
Now stand on tiptoes *Atlas*, lift heauen higher,
I may haue ayre enough to breath my woes,
O let me yet recall thy posting soule
If *Charon* haue not hurried thee too fast
If yet thou hast not drunk on lethes poole,
Come backe, and tell mee who it is this night,
Hath don this deed farre blacker then the night?
Ha! art thou fled past call? why thou wert old
Me thinks thou shouldst not haste so fast away:
Was it for this thou swe'ltst so oft in Armes?
Was it for this that the froth swelling foame
When thy ships top toucht Heauen, and deepe plac'd hell,
That thou must yet escape curl'd *Neptune's* waues
To be a *Palinurus* in thy shoare
There drowne thy aged locks in crimson goare.
O if one sparke yet of thy Princely Soule
Remaine within this trunke, now let it shine
And light my ignorant eyes to reade the names
Of these night vultures, whose deuouring bills
Haue made a *Tisius* of thy royall corps:
Who did not feare great *Agamemmons* sleepe?
Arme, arme your selues all you, all potent Gods
You which we terme Iust ministers of Heauen,
Shoote forked lightning from the marble poale
Let the all-seeing eye of heauen shoote flames
Which may parch vp the marrow from their bones
Should they lye coucht i'th brest a'th Thunderer,
Or be entrencht with guards of Furies,
Heauen, earth, nor hell should keepe them from my sword
Dost thou sleepe *Ione*? O couldst thou snore so fast,
And let thy great vicegerent thus be torne?
Some of th'immortall powers haue had fathers,
And know what 'tis to haue them murdered thus.
But I turne woman now, O I raue out

My

The Tragedy of Orestes.

My passions; doe grieffe, poure out thy selfe,
That thou mayst make roome in my empty heart
To fill it with reuenge.

SCEN. VI.

Enter Clytem. Egyst. in night-ropes.

Cly. **H**OW now? what ayles our sonne, how now *Orestes!*
Orest. O some are come now to helpe me groiue,
See, see mother, see, your husband and my Father,
The King of Greece, great shepheard of his Land
See, see him here: *She faines her selfe to swoon: Eg. catcheth*

Cly. O helpe now good heauen to keepe my sexe *her fall-*
Let me dissemble. *Egyst.* Help my Lordsthe Queen. *[ling.*

Cly. O why let you not my soule, that whilst he liu'd,
Was linkt to his, and would too now haue fled
With wing'd desire to haue beene with him,
What doe I liue for, *Agamemnon* slaine,
My Lord, my King, my Husband, wake my Lord,
What bloody Trojan followed thee from thence
To kill thee here, could he not one night
Haue let me rested in thy sweet embraces?
Must he for surenesse make so many holes
For thy sweet soule to flye to be a God?
O let my teares be balme to these thy wounds,
Let my lips kisse, and warme thy gelid lips,
Let my haire wipe these clots of blood away
From thy age-honor'd side: O dry your teares,
Ioyne knees and prayers with mee, awake ye Gods,
And send our vows, since we can send no wounds: *They*
Come son, we women still know how to curse, *[both kneel.*
Let him that did it be an Adulterer;

Egyst. Faith she begins well, sure she knows the man:

Clytem. Let him be conscious he hath done a deed
Deserues reuenge, whether it fall or no;
Let him for euer beare in minde this night,
And who 'twas helpt him in this bloody act.

Egyst. Yes, hee'll remember how you curse him now,

Orest. If euer he haue children let them be
Murdered before his face, that he may know

The Tragedie of Orestes.

How nature binds a father and a sonne,

Egyft. Now hands I thanke you, now my soule: grows
Had not he greiu'd thus, I had lost reuenge. (glad;

Clyt. But come my sonne, now let vs talke of graues,
Of Epitaphs, and toombs, and's soule being fled, *Draw the*
Let's slap his Trunke vp in a sheet of lead. *curtaine, and carrie*

Exeunt Clyt. & Egyft. manet Orest. [him away

Orest. Me thinks I see a Tragedy at hand,
To which this night hath as a Prologue bin;
I'll make a prayer now worthy *Atreus* grandchilde,
Let the foule Adder sting me as I walke,
The poysonous toad belch her blacke venom forth;
In my despised face, let it be thought
I neuer had a father, but some monster
Bred by a slimy exhalation;
If my reuenge fly not with ample wing,
Till then rest foule, hate told may lose his sting.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Cassandra sola as a mad Prophetesse.

Cass. O Ye dead Troians leape within your graues,
O mother that thou hadst liu'd this night,
Now thou'ldst be glad to haue lost so many sons,
The Grecians are reueng'd vpon themselves,
I thanke thee soule, that thou keptst here till now
To let me see Greece ouercome it selfe;
I liue, I liue, I'm here, I liue to see't:
I doe not dreame on't, no, I saw the blood
Run from his side, whole Catarackts, all Greece:
Apollo how am I bound now for this
That I doe onely see this happinesse,
Hecuba, *Priame*, young *Astianax*
Looke *Hecuba*, Greece now doth act your woes,
Laugh *Hecuba*, for now *Electra* weeps:
And *Tyndarus* he knows not what to doe:
Come little Cuz, come my *Astianax*,
Orestes is in a worse case then thou.

Still

The Tragedie of Orestes:

Still I had others for to weepe with me,
 But none are left to laugh now, but my selfe;
 What should he feare at home? A conquerer feare?
 'Tis don, 'tis done, leaue fighting *Hector*, leaue,
 The Grecians meane to fight against themselves,
 From *Tyndarus* the first brand tooke fire
 Which burnt downe Troy: and now an other here
 Kindles from him, to set a fire Greece,
Graia iuuenca venit, qua se, patremque virumq;
Perdidit, lo lator, Graia iuuenca venit:
Hellen, thy sister *Hellen*, nay shee's thine:
 Who could haue thought that *Hector* being slaine,
 Old *Priame* made a sacrifice to death,
 Troy turn'd to cinders, poore *Andromacha*
 Dragg'd by her haire to death, *Astianax*
 Sent out o'th world before he well came in,
 Ha, ha, who could haue thought after all this
Cassandra should haue euer laught againe,
 One houre of slaughter following many yeeres
 Of discontent, doth helpe to sweeten teares.

Exit.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Agystheus. Clytem.

Agyst. Faire morning to my Queene, nay more, my loue,
 How likes my sweet her change of bedfellow?

Clyt. Looke as a hollow leafelesse failing oake,
 To whom for that he hath bin her weight too long,
 The earth denies to lend him moysture, so
 His sap failes, and he stands on a green
 Mongst sprouting Elms, that they may seem more fresh
 Whilst hee's but held a monument of yeeres,
 Such one seem'd *Agamemnon*; a drie tree:
 Thou like a sprouting elme, whom I embrace
 Like twining Iuy, with these now-blest armes,
 Blest whilst this treasure in them they hold lockt.

Agyst. O who'd not doe a murder for a woman!
 Heauen had but two things for the Gods reseru'd
 Fire, and women, when with Giant thought
Prometheus had tane one, Ioue in his rage

C 2

Threw

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Threw him the to'ther, bad him keepe 'em both,
O th'are rare creatures, they haue such *Meanders*,
Their teares will come and goe with such Art,
Come now my *Queene*, one sweet Ambrosian kisse.;
O *Nectar*! prethe hadst thou taught thy teares
How they should flow before: *Clyt.* No, trust me lone,
I knew my teares would soon be at command,
And faith the boy had almost made me weepe
Really once: were not my curses rare?

Egyst. Yes, all was womanlike, but yet that boy
Hetooke it deeply, would he were with his father,
So gon, it skills not how, were he away
We would act freely all our lustfull play:

Clyt. O but my loue, hee's mine; nor can the rauen
Dig her sharpe beake into her owne birds brest:
He will forget his father: woe will breake,
'Tis not the greatest griefe that most doth speake.

Egyst. O but hee'll beare a still suspitious eye;
And who in bloody Scenes doth act a part,
Thinks euery eye doth penetrate his heart.
Nor can we ere be free, or I inioy

True pleasures, we must be but the cues at most,
Close in delights, and haue a Pander still
To be a Factor, 'twixt thy bed and mine
This we could haue before, what now we doe
The world should see done, and applaud it too.

Clyt. Why my deare Loue, I that would set my hand
To stain my marriage sheets with husbands blood
Would let these hands instructed now in ill,
Not leaue one arme of that vprooted tree;
Could but *Egyst* giue me any hope,
That from this top there should one spreading branch
Grow vp and flourish. *Egyst.* Now thou art thy selfe,
Yes, yes my loue, there shall one spring from vs
Shall be a lofty Pine, let this be cropt,
Murder must murder guard, guilt adde to guilt,
After one drop whole streams of blood be spilt. *walks away.*

SCENE.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

SCEN. III.

Enter Pylades : Orestes : Electra : Strophium.

DEare friend; what mean you, to o'rwhelme your selfe,
In such a sea of griefe? *Orest.* Father deare *Agamem.*

Pyl. Nay let this tempest fall, thou hast lost a father,
Why, tis but change, my father shall be thine,
I'll be thy brother, nay, I'll be thy selfe,
Weepe when thou weep'st, and where thou go'st I'll goe,
And bring thee on thy pilgrimage of woe.

Elect. Brother, looke vp, haue not I lost a father?
Yes, and would a riuer of fresh teares
Turne *Lethes* streame, and bring him from the wharf,
With a North gale of windy blowing sighs,
I would expire my soule, become all teares.

Stroph. Come, you haue lost a father, I a brother,
The Queene a Husband, all the Land a King,
Yet all thi's but a man; Therefore must die:
Our woes may all be in one ballance poys'd,
His booke of life the Fates had ouer-read,
And turn'd the leafe where his last period stood.
Now an immortall wreath circles his brow,
And makes him King in heauen, who was before
At most a God on earth; Hence difference springs,
Kings are earths Gods, and Gods are heauenly Kings.

Orest. Let vs ioyne words then now, and Swan-like sing,
The dolefull dirge to a departed King:
Thou friend didst of this misery diuine,
Therefore the burthen of the song is mine:
Words Orators for woe, which plead the cause,
When griefe's the Iudge, and sighs are all the lawes,
Each one a sob; for *Diapason* beares,
Our tunes shall drowne the musique of the spheares:
O what *Hirudo* with vnsatiate thirst,
Could draw the blood from out those Princely veynes,
From whence flowes comfort to so many soules. (*Spies his*
Mother, when wept you last, heere take a scarfe *mother,*
Dry your eyes, now by *Ioue* you need none, *goes to her.*
What shine of comfort hath dri'd vp your teares?

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Clyt. Our sonne's too sawcie with his mother Queene:
Why, Sir, shall you tell vs a time to weepe?

Orest. Vs? good: Who is't makes the plurality?
'Twas wont to be my father, does he liue?

Clyt. Sir, curbe this lauish speech, or I'll forget
You are my some, and make you but a subiect.

Aegist. Good Cousin adde not disobedience
Vnto your mothers griefes. *Orest.* My mother, no,
She is not here, no, she hath hid her selfe
In some odde nooke, or angle vnperceiu'd,
She might not see this impious stygian world. (sheath?

Clyt. *Aegistheus*, canst thou still suffer thy dail sword i'th
Take the ranke head from this o'r-growing weed.

Siro. Remember *Clytemnestra*, he's your some.

Clyt. He is so, and I'll learne him to be so:
Had I a brazen bull, it should be heat,
Hotter then for the Tyrant: Disobedient?
More harsh then Adders hisses is thy voyce,
Sir, you shall die, but with a liuing death,
He still shall liue, but liue to know he dies;
Who strait threats death, knowes not to Tyrannize.

Exeunt Aegistheus, Clytemnestra.

Siro. What temper's growne on the distracted Queene!
Hath griefe conceiu'd for her late husbands death,
Brought her so farre, shee hath forgot her selfe?

Orest. No Vncle, no, by heauen, I doe suspect,
O, my propheticke soule diuines much ill:
Well, I will flie, but heare this stratagem,
It shall be rumor'd i'th care o'th Court
I was found dead, I'll put a new shape on,
And liue alone, to heare how things goe here.

Pyl. Nay, not alone *Orestes*, whilst I liue,
Shouldst make thy bed vpon the rigid Alps,
Or frozen *Caucasus*, wrapt in sheets of snow,
I'd freeze vnto thy side; we will tell tales
Of Troian warriers, and deposed Kings,
Tell of strange shipwracke, of old *Priams* fall,
How mad *Andromacha* did teare her hayre,
When the wild horses tore braue *Hectors* limbs:
Wee'll thinke they all doe come, and weepe with vs;

Griefe

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Griefe lones companions, and it helpeth woe,
 When it heares euery one grone forth his (Oh)
 It easeth much, and our plaints fall more sweet,
 When a whole consort, in one tune doe meet.
 The halfe-dead ship-man, which hath shipwracke borne,
 Seeing many drown'd, it makes him lesse to mourne:
 It made *Deucalion* care the lesse to die,
 When hee had all the world in company.
 Thus we will sit, and our teares turnes shall keepe,
 Thou for thy father, I for thee will weepe:
 If actors on the stage hauing no cause,
 But for to winne an hearers hands applause,
 Can let fall teares, wee'll thinke wee Actors be,
 And onely doe but play griefes Tragedie.

Orest. O, but deare friend, should we but act a part,
 The play being ended, passion left the heart,
 And we should share of ioy, but my whole age
 Must neuer moue from off this wofull Stage:
 But we must take our leaue; Vncle, farewell,
 Remember what I spake; and Sister, you
 Must tarry here, my thoughts shall busied be,
 To finde the man that let my fasher blood;
 Can I but finde *Aegistheus* did consent,
 To spill one drop, O I would pierce his heart
 With venom'd daggers, and so butcher him,
 That all *Apollo's* skill in physicke hearbs,
 Nor *Esculapius* th' *Epidaurian* God,
 Should keepe his soule out of *Enio's* hand;
 Come my deare friend, to all the rest farewell,
 If heauen relate it not, I'll know't from hell.

Exeunt Pylades: Orestes.

SCEN .IIII.

*Enter Aegistheus: Clytemnestra: Myfander: Sirophimus:
 Electra another way.*

Aegst. **VV**hat, is *Orestes* fled? sure there's some plot,
 If you deare Queen, but search *Elect.* well,
 You'll finde she knowes whither her brothers gone,
Clyt. If in her hear there be but lodg'd a thought,

V^a

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Vnknowne to mee this hand shall rip her brest,
And search her inparts: but I'll finde it out.

Myfander, call *Electra*:

Aegist. O, were that moat tane from our comforts beams,
No cloud could euer then o'rshade our ioyes,
His life must be cut off without delay,
Mischiefe by mischief findes the safest vway:
But here's *Electra*:

Clyt. Why, how now Minion, what a blubbering still?
Huswife, pray vvhether's your brother, where's iny sonne?

Elect. Mother, pray wher's my father, wher's your husband,
Haile to my gracious Queene, here's one at doore. *(Enter*
Brings you a message, hee vwill not relate *Strophius,*
To any, but your selfe, he fares tis sad. *and speaks.*

Clyt. Why, the more dismall, the more vvelcome 'tis,
But as for you. *Elect.* Good mother doe your worst,
No plague can euer make me more accurst,
Nothing is worse then death, that I'll not flye.

Clyt. Yes, life is worse to those that faine vvould die.
But vvhether's the messenger?

S C E N. V.

Enter Nuncius.

VW hat whirlwind rising from the wombe of earth
Doth raise huge *Pelion* vnto *Ossa's* top,
That both being heapt, I stand vpon them both
And with an hundred *Stentor*-drowning voyce,
Relate vnto the world the saddest tale,
That euer burnd the weake iawes of man:

Aegist. Why, what portentuous newes? Amaze vs not,
Tell vs what e'rit be.

Nun. Were my minde settled, would the gellid feare,
That freezeth vp my sense, set free my speech,
I would vnfold a tale which makes my heart
Throb in my intralls: when I seeme to see't.

Clyt. Relate it quickly, hold's not in suspence.

Nun. Vpon the mount of yonder rising cliffe,
Which the earth hath made a bulwarke for the sea,
Whose peerlesse head is from the streames so high,

That

The Tragedy of Orestes.

That whosoe'r looks downe, his braine will swim
With a *vertigo*: The space remou'd so farre
The object from the eye, that a tall ship
Seem'd a swift flying bird: vpon this top
Saw I two men making complaints to heauen,
One's voyce distinctly still cry'd, Father, King,
Great *Agamemnon*: whose diuiner soule
Fled from thy corps, exil'd by buchers hands,
His friend still fought to keepe his dying life
With words of comfort, that it should not rush
Too violently vpon the hands of Fate.
He deaf as sea, to which he made his plaints,
Still cryed out, *Agamemnon*, I will come,
And finde thy blessed soule where e'r it walke,
In what faire Tempe of *Elisium*
So e'r it be, my soule shall find it out;
With that his friend knit him within his armes,
Striuing to hold him, but when twas no boot,
They hand in hand, thus plung'd into the maine.
Stra it they arose, and striu'd, me thought, for life,
But swelling *Neptune* not regarding friends,
Wrapt their embraced limbs in following waues.
Vntill at last, their deare departing soules
Hastned to *Styx*, and I no more cloud see.

Stro. O, 'twas *Orestes*, 'twas my *Pylades*,
Which arme in arme did follow him to death.

Elet. O my *Orestes*, O my dearest brother,
'Tis he, 'tis he that thus hath drown'd himselfe.

Aegst. Why, then if *Agamemnon* and his sonne
Hau'e brought their lease of life to the full end;
I am *Thyestes* sonne, and the next heyre,
To sit in *Argos* Throne of Maiesty.
Thanks to our *Alpheus* sea, who as't ad striu'd
To gratifie *Aegistbus*, rais'd his force,
And gathered all his waters to one place,
They might be deepe inough to drowne *Orestes*:
But come my *Queene*, let vs command a feast.
To get a kingdome, who'd not thinke it good,
To swim vnto it through a sea of blood.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Tyndarus: Misander.

Tynd. O Vr daughter send for vs? how fares she? well?
She mournes I'm sure for her husbands death.

Misf. My Lord, shee tooke it sadly at the first:
But time hath less'n'd it. *Tynd.* I, grieve soone ends
That flowes in teares; they still are womens friends:
But how is't rumord now in *Argos*, though,
That *Agamemnon* dyde. *Mysf.* Why, hee was old,
And death thought best to seise on him at home,

Tynd. 'Twas a long home, hee got by comming home,
Well, well, *Misander*, I like not the course,
The peoples murmure makes my cheekes to blush.

Misf. My gracious Lord, who trusts their idle murmure,
Must neuer let the blush goe from his cheekes,
They are like flagges growing on muddy banks,
Whose weake thin heads blowne, with one blast of winde,
They all will shake, and bend themselves one way;
Great mindes must not esteeme what small tongues say.
All things in state must euer haue this end,
The vulgar should both suffer, and commend,
If not for loue, for feare; great maiesty
Should doe those things the vulgar dare not see.

Tynd. O, Sir, but those that doe commend for feare,
Doe in their hearts a secret hatred beare.
Euer learne this; the truest praise indeed,
Must from the heart, and not from words proceed.
I feare some foule play: doth *Aegistheus* meane,
Then totally for to inuest himselfe
In *Agamemmons* seat? Where's young *Orestes*?

Misf. Why my Lord? hee for the great grieve conceiu'd,
Being young, not knowing well to rule himselfe
With sway of reason, ranne vpon his death,
And threw himselfe with my Lord *Sirophius* sonne,
Into the midst of *Alpheus*, so was drown'd.

Tynd. How took my daughter that? *Misf.* Why, wisely too,
And like her selfe; not being in despaire:

Her

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Her royall wombe will bring forth many more,
Shall be as deare as e'r *Orestes* was.

Tynd. I feare heauen cannot looke with equall eyes
Vpon so many deaths, but meanes to send
Plague after plague; for in a wretched state,
One ill begets another dismall Fate:
But goe and tell my daughter I will come,
And helpe to solemnize her nuptiall night:
Her hasty wedding, and the old Kings neglect,
Makes my coniecturall soule some ill suspect. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. II.

Enter Orestes, and Pylades.

Orest. IF euer God lent any thing to earth,
Whereby it seem'd to sympathize with heauen,
It is this sacred friendship: Gordian knot
Which Kings, nor Gods, nor Fortune can vndoe.
O what Horoscopus, what constellation,
Held in our birth so great an influence,
Which one affection in two mindes vnites?
How hath my wo beene thine, my fatall ill
Hath still beene parted, and one share beene thine!

Pyl. Why, dearest friend, suppose my case were thine,
And I had lost a father, wouldst not thou
In the like sort participate my griefe?

Orest. Yes, witnesse heauen I would.

Pyl. So, now thou hast lost a father,

Orest. True, *Pylades*, thou putst me well in mind,
I haue lost a father, a deare, deare father,
A King, a braue old King, a noble souldier,
And yet he was murdered: O my forgetfull soule;
Why should not I now drawe my vengefull sword,
And strait-way sheath it in the murderers heart?

Minos should neuer haue vacation,
Whilst any of our progeny remain'd.
Well, I will goe, and so massacre him,
I'll teach him how to murder an old man,
A King, my Father, and so dastardly
To kill him in his bed. *Pyl.* Alas, *Orestes*!

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Griefe doth distract thee: who ist thou wilt kill?

Orest. Why, he, or she, or they that kill'd my father.

Pyl. I, who are they? *Orest.* Nay, I know not yet,
But I will know. *Pyl.* Stay thy vengefull thoughts,
And since thus long we haue estrang'd our selues
From friends and parents, lets thinke why it is,
And why we had it noysed in the Court,
We both were dead; the cause was thy reuenge,
That if by any secret priuate meanes,
We might but learne who'twas, that drench'd their swords
In thy deare fathers blood, wee then would rouse
Blacke *Nemesis* in flames from out her caue,
And shee should be the vmpire in this cause.
Mans soule is like a boystrous working sea,
Swelling in billowes for disdain of wrongs,
And tumbling vp and downe from day to day,
Growes greater still in indignation,
Turnes malecontent, in pleasclesse melancholly,
Spending her humours in dull passion, still
Locking her senses in vncloused gins,
Till by reuenge shee sets at liberty.

Orest. O, now my thirsty soule expects full draughts
Of *Ares* boyling cup: O, how two'd ease
My heart, to see a channell of his blood,
Streaming from hence to hell; that killd my father,

Pyl. I, but deare friend, thou must not let rage loose,
And like a furious Lyon, from whose denne
The forrester hath stolne away his young,
Hee missing it, strait runnes with open iawes
On all he meets, and neuer hurting him
That did the wrong; wise men must mix reuenge
With reason, which by prouidence will prompt,
And tell vs where's the marke, whereat we ayme.
Till then in Cinders wee'll rake vp our griefe,
Fire thus kept, still liues, but opened dies,
From smallest sparks great flames may one day rise.

Orest. True, friend, but, O, who euer will reueale
This hideous act! what power shall wee inuoke?

Pyl. Yes, harken friend, I haue bethought a meanes;
Not distant farre from this place where we liue,

There

The Tragedie of Orestes.

There stands a caue hard by a hollow oake,
In a low valley where no Sun appeares,
No musique euer was there heard to sound;
But the harsh voyce of croking ominous rauens,
And sad Nyctimine the bird of night,
There's now a shed vnder whose ancient rooffe,
There sometimes stood an Altar for the Gods,
But now slow creeping time, with windy blasts
Hath beaten downe that stately Temples walls,
Defac't his rich built windows, and vntil'd
His battlemented rooffe, and made it now
A habitation, nor for God, nor men:
Yet an old woman, who doth seem to striue
With the vast building for antiquity,
In whose rough face time now hath made such holes,
As in those vncouth stones she there hath made
Her selfe a cell, wherein to spend her age;
Her name's *Canidia*; great in Magique spells,
At whose dire voyce, the gods themselves would quake,
To heare her charme the second time pronounc't.
One that can know the secrets of Heauen,
And in the ayre hath flying ministers,
To bring her news from earth, from sea, from hell:
Which, when thick night hath compas't in the world,
Then doth she goe to dead mens graues and tombs,
And sucks the poysonous marrow from their bones,
Then makes her charme, which she nere spent in vaine,
Nor doth she come as suppliant to the Gods,
But making *Erebus*, and Heauen to quake,
She sends a spell drowning infernall thunder,
By which all secrets that were euer don,
In faire white parchiment writ in lines of blood,
Lockt in the inmost roome of hell it selfe
Is brought vnto her: and by her we may
Haue leaue to looke in *Pluto's* register,
And read the names of those most loathed Furies,
Which rent thy Fathers soule from out his trunkle,
But she must see thy Fathers dead bones first,
Them we must bring her, for by them she works:
This if thou dar'st assay, I'll goe along.

Orestes.

The Tragedie so Orestes.

Orest. If I dare assay? yes, yes, deare friend,
Were it to burst my Fathers sepulchre,
And wake his *Manes*, shew them *Radamanth*,
Their iterated sight will burne my soule
With such a sparkling flame of dire reuenge,
As *Nessus* shurt didburn great *Hercules*,
If that the scrowle which did containe their names,
Were in a lake of flaming brimstone drencht,
I'd take it out, or fetch't from *Pluto's* armes:
But come; If euent haue such a creature as can tell,
Twill saue a iourney for this once from hell.

SCEN. III.

Enter Agyst. Clytem. Tynd. Mifander Straphius, Electra,
cum cat. with a crown. Agyst. ascends the throne, Mi-
ander crownes him: Clytem. great with child.

Agst. ALL yeares of happy dayes, all hour es of Ioy
So circle in thy state, as doth this crown
Wreath and combine thy princely temples in,
All speak! Ioue still protect Agystheus.

Agst. Thanks to my Fathers subiects:
Now *Argos* swell vp to the brim with ioy,
And streams of gladnes flow on *Tyndarus*,
Now made our Father; see old King, see here's
My *Queene* doth meane to make thee a grandfather,
See how thy royall blood shall propagate,
Whose Kingly drops like heauen distilling dew
Shall adde fresh life vnto thy withered roote.

Tyn. Yes, but *Agystheus*, there were armes before
Grew on this tree; but the Fates enuious axe
Hath cut them off before th'ad time, to sproute:

Clyt. O Sir, the Fates needs must haue leaue to make
Wayes for themselves to mannage what they doe:
Had *Agamemnon* and *Orestes* liu'd,

They could not then haue blest me with these gifts:
Still when the heauens and Fates doe worke their will,
They intend good, though sometimes there com: ill:

Tynd. O but pray Ioue the Fates now were not forc't,
But deedeslike words no man can e're reca",
Bee't good or ill; once don, we must beare all.

Agst.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Come Father sit we downe, and make a feast, *They set to the*
To glad our hearts; Heauen still doth for the best. *feast.*

Siraph. O let my latter age not liue to see

Egystheus weare great *Argus* diademe:

Elect. Feare not good vncle, there will be a time
To pull him downe, although he yet doth climbe:

Tynd. Who euer trusted much on fortunes gifts,
On wife, on state, on health, on friends, on lands,
May looke on *Agamemmons* comming home:
Fortune me thinks ne're shew'd her power more,
How quickly could she turn her Fatall sword
Vpon his brest, that thought himselfe past harme,
She that had vs'd death like an angry dogge,
Holding him vp, when that he should haue bit,
When al the game was past, and's fury laid,
The King being past all danger, safe at home,
Then he slip's coller, neuer vntill then;
And fortune she stood hissing of him on,
Till he had torne the good Kings soule away.

Egyst. Nay but good Father let passe elegies, *Clyt. seems*
You draw fresh tears now from your daughters cies, *to weep*
Who shed enough before at's fimerall,

Let's talke who are to liue, not who are dead;

And thinke what progeny shall spring from vs

May beare your Image stamp't vpon the face,

This we must talke of now, not what griefs past

But of the ioy to com: *Egyst.* My Queen not well?

Now good *Electra* looke vnto your mother, *Clyt. riseth*
Lucina be propitious to the birth; *from the table.*

Why, will not now a young *Egystheus* be,

As gratefu'l as an old *Orestes* was?

Thou times good long hener, age, posterity,

Spread thy selfe still vpon *Egystheus* line;

Helpe me to treasure vp antiquity,

And from *Thyestes* loyns let spring an heire,

Shall euer sit in great *Thyestes* chaire.

Exeunt.

SCEN.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

SCEN. IV.

*Enter Pylades & Orestes, with his arme full of
a dead mans bones and a Scull.*

Pylad. **N**ear to this shady groue, where neuer light
Appeares, but when 'tis forced with som charin,
Candis dwells, in such a dusky place,
That the night goblins feare to come too neare it,
Here let vs knocke. *Orest.* Nay, *Pylad.* 'ee here,
O giue me leaue to descant on these bones:
This was my Fathers scull; but who can know
Whether it were some subiects scull, or no:
Where be these Princely eyes, commanding face,
The braue Maiesticke looke, the Kingly grace,
Wher's the imperious frowne, the Godlike smile,
The gracefull tongue, that spoke a souldiers stile?
Ha, ha, worms eate them: could no princely looke,
No line of eloquence writ in this booke,
Command, nor yet perswade the worms away!
Rebellious worms! could a King beare no sway?
Iniurious worms! what could no flesh serue,
But Kings for you? By heauen you all shall sterue:
Had I but know'n't; what must my father make
A feast for you? O ye deuouring creatures!

Pyla. Now some *Archilocus* to helpe him make
Vengefull Iambiques, that would make these worms
To burst themselues; Pasion must please
It selfe by words, grieve told it selfe doth ease.

Orest. You cowardly bones, would you be thus vncloth'd
By little crawling wormes! by *Ioue* I neuer thought
My Fathers bones could e're haue beene such cowards:
O you vngratefull wormes how haue you v'd him;
See their ingratitude: O ambitious creatures,
How they still domineere, or'e a Kings carcasfe, (the crown

Pyla. How could they thinke *Orestes*, when thou cam'st to
That thou shouldst beare, that these should eate thy father,

Orest. True? *Pylades*, should not I rend their maws,
Deuise some new tortures? O most horrible treason,
That worms should come vnto a great Kings face,

And

The Tragedie of Orestes.

And eate his eyes : why, I would vndertake
But at one stampe to kill a thousand of 'em,
And I will kill these :

Stamps vpon them.

Goe you Kings-eating creatures : I will marre
All your digestion. *Pylad.* Alas, where be his wits ?
He stands declaiming against senselesse worms,
And turnes more senselesse then the worms themselues ;
Wher's now the oracle you should consult,
The great Magician, now the *Centaur's* thought
Shall be example to all future yeers,
And now transcend *Proserpina's* inuention,
Ha, hast thou found them out, ha, were they worms ?

Orest. O prethe laugh not at me me, call her, call her ; *Pyl.*
Whilst I stand gathering vp my Fathers bones, *(knocks.)*
His deare disiect bones ; O, I remember, here
Ran the strong sinews, twixt his knitting ioynts,
Here to this bone was ioyn'd his Princely arme,
Here stood the hand that bare this warlike shield,
And on this little ioynt was place't the head,
That *Atlas*-like bare vp the weight of Greece,
Here, here betwixt these hollow yawning iaws
Stood once a tongue, which with one little word
Could haue commanded thousand souls to death :
Good hands indure this your weighty taske,
And good eyes striue not to make moyst his bones
With weeping teares :
What sin's our *Procrustes* euer could
Haue hackt a King into such things as these ;
Alas her's euery part now so deform'd,
I know not which was his, yet all was his.

Sound infernall Musique.

SCEN. V.

Enter Canidia, like an Enchauntresse.

Orest. **P**roteſt vs O ye Miniſters of Heauen,
Stand neare me my good *Genius*, my ſoule hath loſt
His humane function, at this helliſh ſight.

Can. Who is't diſturbs our caue, what meſſenger
Hath *Pluto* ſent, that would know ought from vs,

E

What

The Tragedie of Orestes.

What are you, speake, *Canidia* cannot stay.

Pylad. Prompt vs some Ghost,

Great feare of earth, and gouernesse of nature,

In whose deepe closet of that sacred heart.

Are written the characters of future Fate;

And what is done, or what must be thou knowst:

Whose words make burning *Acheron* grow cold,

And *Ioue* leaue thundring, when he heares thy name,

To thee we come: O turne thy secret booke,

And looke whose names thou there shalt see inscrib'd

For murderers, reade or'e all the catalogue,

Vntill thou findest there, engrauen those

Which kild the King of Greece, great *Agamemnon*.

Orest. Yes, he that did owe these bones which worms haue
It is not now one of the meaner sort: (eate;

That craues this boone, but 'tis the heire of Greece,

Heire onely now but to my Fathers graue;

I not command, but my astonisht soule

Entreats to know.

If in thy booke it be not yet put downe,

Command the Gods to vnlocke the gates of Heauen;

And fetch forth death, command him to relate

Who 'twas put *Agamemnon* in his hands,

This is our busiaesse, this, great propheteesse,

Made vs approach to thy most hallowed cell.

Can. Ho, ho, ho, I tell thee fond young Prince!

A lesser power thou mightst haue implor'd,

Which might haue virg'd th'vnwilling fiends to this:

Our dire enchantments carry such a force,

That when the stars, and influence of heauen,

Haue suckt the linely bloud from out mens veyns,

I at my pleasure bring it backe againe;

I knew each houre in the Troian fight,

What Grecian, or what Phrygian should die,

And fierce *Achilles* had no sooner pierc't

Great *Hectors* side, but fate did send me word:

Earth, Sea, deepe *Chaos*, all the stony hills,

Will ope themselves to shew me prodigies;

Night will vnmaske her brow, to let me see

What blacke conceptions teeme within her wombe.

Orest.

The Tragedy of Orestes.

Orest. O then relate great Mistresse of thy Art,
The things we craue: *Can.* what time of night is't?

Pyl. Vpon the stroke of twelue.

Can. Straite when a cloudy Euen clappeth the Ayre,
And all light's drench't in misty *Acheron*,
When the blacke palpherys of the full cheekt moone,
Haue got behinde this parta'th Hemispheare,
And darke *Aldchor*, and is mounted high
Into the sable *Cassiopeias* chaire,
And night ful mounted in her seat of ier,
Sits wrapt within a cabinet of clouds,
When serpents leaue to hisse, no dragons yell,
No birds doe sing, no harsh tun'd toads doe croake,
The Armenian Tyger, and the rauinous wolfe,
Shall yeeld vp all their tyranny to sleepe,
And then none walke but hells disturbed spirits,
Children of night, such as belong to me,
I'll shew thee thy desire; giue me these bones.

Orest. Here, take them Mother, vse them gently,
They were a Kings bones once; O not so hard.

Can. Why senselesse boy, dost thinke that I respect
A Kings dead bones, more then an other mans;
O they smell rankly; I, this sent doth please,
But I must now to worke: why *Sagana*.

*Smells to
(them.)*

Pylad. Looke here thou King of Greece, fond *Menelitus*,
Thou which didst bring so many goodly shapes, Take up the
Into such things as these, and all for *Helen*,
Which when the worms bred of her dainty flesh,
Shall haue knaw'd off her tender rubie lips,
And left her gumlesse, looke vpon her then;
And thou wouldst euen disgorge thy selfe to see,
Such putride vermin to lye kissing her.

(scul.)

Orest. This head had once a royall diademe,
Now knock it, beate it, and 'twill ne're cry treason.

Can. Why *Sagana*.

Orest. There was a player once vpon a stage,
Who struiuing to present a decery passion,
Brought out the vrne of his late buried sonne,
It might the more affect him, and draw teares:
But I, as if I had no passion left,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Not acting of a part, but really
In a true cause hauing my Fathers bones,
His hollow skull, yet crawling full of worms,
I cannot weepe, no not a teare will com.

Can. Why *Sagana*, *Veia*, *Erietho*, know you not your time?

SCEN. VI.

Enter Sagana, Veia, Erietho, 3. witches.

Sag. **VV** Hat would you Beldame?

Can. Hath not triform'd *Hecate* put on
Her *Stryx*-died mantle, is't not now fit time
To worke our charmes in?

Veia. We here are ready 'gainst thy sacred charme.

Can. You two, sit by, and beare in minde this charge,
Who e're you see, who euer I present;
Let your tongues be percullist in your iaws,
Stir not, nor speake not, till the charme be done.

Pyl. Feare nor, it shall be chain'd with silence.

Can. Night, and *Diana* sacred Queene,

Which euer hast spectator beene
Vnto our balefull hideous rights,
Ne're acted but in darkest nights,
Now in this fatall herf-bred houre,
Shew to my rites thy greatest power.
Erietho when my torch shall twinkle,
Auerall water thou shalt sprinkle
About the roome, now let vs kneele,
Our heauy burthen Hell shall feele:
Lets all coyn words, now we may see
Who 'twas did worke this prodigie.

Omnes. *Pluto*, great *Pluto*, we command,
Thou send vnto vs out of hand,
The shapes of those that kild the King,
Great *Agamemnon*.

Inferall Musique.

*Enter in a dumbe shew Agystheus, and Clytem. with
their bloody daggers, looke upon the bed, goe to it, and
stab, and then mak: a shew of gladnes and depart.*

Or. O'tis aboute my bearing, were I linkt here with chains.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

I would like *Cerberus* draw *Alcides* backe :
Stay, stay, by heauens, reuenge shall take you here :
Nay, I will follow you, should they take their ouer,
Where *Aëna* vomits fire, I would in :
My mother, *Clytemnestra*, *Agystheus*, was it they ?
Nay, I will o'take them.

Can. O sonne, remember what I told you sonne,
Many a rockie hill and stony mount,
Many a sea, and vast *Charibdis* gulfes,
Stands betwixt them and thee, though they seeme neere.

Ore. O piety ! O most prodigious nature !
What creatures hast thou made to liue on earth ?
How hast thou cloath'd blacked darknesse with a scarfe
Of vnstain'd purity, and put a godly face
Vpon portentuous diuells ? Oh, how my mother wept !
How *Clytemnestra* ! how that *Hiena* wept !
No more my mother, I abiure the name,
She did not bring me forth, I know she did not :
But I'll o'take 'em ; shew mee *Canidia* where,
Which way they went, where haue they hid themselues.
Should they mount vp to the chariot of the Sunne,
And in his Carre fly to the *Antipodes*,
Or in the farthest nooke of yonder spheare :
Get vp and place themselues betwixt *Taurus* hornes,
The fire-breathing bull, nor *Lerna's Hydra*,
Were there no entrance but ten Lyons iawes,
I'd runne through all, and make my way my selfe :
I'd fix them to the *Axell* tree of heauen,
Where their infectious Carcasses should hang,
Abait for flying spirits in the Ayre.
Canidia, I thanke thee for thy paines ;
Still may thy sacred Act reueale such deeds,
Still keepe the gates of *Orcus* yawning ope,
Make the darke powers ready at command.

Pyl. But let vs haste deare friend, this vast worlds roome:
Allowes vs none, but thy dead fathers Tombe :
Here's naught but ayres of death, no bed but stones
Our pillow's a dead scull, companions bones,
Thi's all our comfort, if wee needs must die,
We haue a graue prepar'd wherein to lie.

Orest.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Orest. Now pale *Tisiphone*, O for thy Snakes!
O that renowned spirit, that more then man,
Whom all the Trojan host could not o'rwelme,
Murdred; but what braue warriour wore a crown,
By guilding a dire sword in his deare blood?
*He*ter, nor *Priam*, no, nor *Mrs* himfelfe,
Onely his wife was his *Belona* now.

O miserable valour, to scape foes,
And come for to be murdred of his friends:
O shamefull conquest! O most coward Fate,
That a weake woman was competitor
In *Agamemnon*s death: had it beene any, yet
It should haue beene a Goddesse at the least,
And yet shee's but a *Queene*, a mortall woman.
Were she a Goddesse, I would make he mortall;
Dull coward that I am, and, worse then all,
After so many wrongs, yet vnreueing'd,
Their Palace now should fire o'r their heads,
And the huge beams dash out their guilty brains:
The rooffe, should fall on me, so't fell on them.
Begin reuenge, and now performe an act,
May giue a cheame to all posterity,
Euer to talke of, fraught so full of horror,
Aegistheus and my mother, may wish their's,
Yet none was euer greater, yes, my deed.
Reuenge is lost, vnlisse we doe exceed.

Pyl. But a bad mother, friend, thou shouldst not hurt,
The law of nature doth forbid such thoughts.

Orest. Nor Gods, nor nature shall keepe mee inawe,
Why towards my mother, by heauens Parliament,
Who is most guilty, is most innocent.

Can. Shall I thus by some magique Art, my sonne,
Take both their pictures in pittre virgin waxe?
And wound the place where that the hurt should stand,
And so wound them? *Orest.* Tush, this is too little.

Can. Shall I breed them hate? *Orest.* Too little too.

Can. Shall I consume their children? *Ore.* All this too
Hell and the furies shall stand all amaz'd, (little:
All he shall come there for to behold
New kindes of murders which she knew, not yet:

And

The Tragedie of Orestes.

And nature learne to violate her selfe,
I'll instantly to th' Court, and what I doe,
My selfe will see done, yes, and act it too.
Thanks great *Canidia*, this blacke night being done,
Reuenge now knowes her game whereat to runne.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. IIII. SCEN. I.

Enter in state, Agystheus: Clytemnestra: Tyndarus:

Strophium: Electra: Nuriu: cum nono partu:

Agyst. **N**Eu'er but when a royall off-spring comes
From a Kings loynes, can hee be truly King,
Then doth he sit firme, rooted in his state,
Then is he truly man, and then the Gods
He knowes doe loue him, which when Kings doe want,
The curse of nature doth deny them fruit,
And brands their bed with loath'd sterility.

Tynd. *Agystheus*, since the Gods haue blest'd you so,
Haue care their blessings turne not to your woe.
Your ioy, my daughters ioy, and my ioy too,
Haue care it be preserv'd, and brought vp well;
And take heed, sonne, of *Agamemnons* blood,
Pierce not with enuy the Babes tender heart.

Agyst. Tush father, now not without griefe I speake,
All brookes which from the Princely Ocean ranne,
Are quite dry'd vp, onely *Electra* here,
Our deare *Electra*, whose great weight of loue
Is in our ballance equally to poys'd,
That shee shall euer thinke her father liues,
Our heart shall be so parallell with hers.

El. Yes, great *Agystheus*, wer't but our mothers will,
What she thinkes good of, I must not thinke ill:
Besides, your loue e'r since my fathers death,
As if it came from his departing soule,
And forth with had reuiu'd againe in you,
Hath held a prospectt in for me, to see
His care redoubled, though the object's chang'd,
And for I lost a brother, if you please,

Thuc

The Tragedie of Orestes.

That I may challenge in your royall blood,
Here doe I tie with all affections bands,
My selfe vnto this Babe, which is as deare
Vnto my soule, as were *Orestes* here.

Clyt. Daughter, your heart now with obedience strung,
Makes a sweet musique sounding from your tongue.
Nurse, bring the Babe, giue it *Electra*, so,
You daughter shall haue ouersight of it. (no,

Nutr. O, shall I part from't then? *Clyt.* No, good Nurse,
Electra with her care, you with your paines.

Nutr. Now by *Lucina*, had it gone away,
I should haue sit, and sob'd away my heart;
'Tis the sweetest Babe that euer Nurse did kisse.

Aegst. Looke here good father, looke my nobles here,
Vpon this Babe scarce crept yet out of earth,
For you shall grow an Autumn of ripe yeeres,
When time hath brought it to maturity,
Looke on thy Grandchilde, *Tyndarus*, see, 'tis thine,
This came from thee, old man, see how it smiles
Vpon the Grandfire, as if wise nature had
Taught him his kindreds names fore he came forth.

Tynd. I see't *Aegstheus*, and my ag'd blood grows warme,
As if my selfe were a new father made,
And all the blessings I can render it,
Shal drop like golden showers on the head:
Me thinks it doth recall my sliding age,
And makes swift time retire backe againe:
It doth vnfold those wrinkles in my face,
Which griepe and yeeres had fixed as their signes
Vpon my brow, and now it shall be seene,
Although my hayres are gray, my ioyes are Greene.

Clyt. Long may our father his opinion hold,
And you, our daughter, let not sinister thoughts
Wrong your suspitious minde, though this being young,
It makes our Lord, and me to speake our ioyes,
Yet our affection and our naturall loue,
Is not a whit to you diminished.
A mother can be mother vnto many,
And as from one roote hid within the ground,
Springs many flowers, that lends sap to all:

The Tragedie of Orestes.

So from a parents heart runne veines of loue;
Which, though to many, they without doe flow,
Yet from one heart, one root, they all doe grow.

Elect. I hope our gracious mother cannot thinke
We doe suspect her loue, witnesse this charge,
Which you haue blest'd my armes and soule withall,
And as your loue committed it with care,
My care shall still defend it with my loue. (come,

Egyft. We thanke our daughter, come Lord *Strophius*,
Griefe still sits heavy on your sighing heart,
Be frolike, learne of vs, in all the grace,
And pleasure our Court extends, you shall haue place.

Stroph. I thanke my gracious Lord, time hath by this,
Almost eate out the memory of our sonne,
And since the heauens let fall their dew on you,
And warred *Argos* with such springing hopes,
I will not seeme a stocke, vncapable
Of such a generall comfort, but reuiue
My buried thoughts, and for my Souerignes sake,
Old *Strophius* will a young mans person take.

Egyft. We thanke old *Strophius*, and if honour can
Keepe thee still young, our Princely hand is wide,
And freely shall extend all graces on thee,
And you all our subiects, which beare part
Thus in our ioy; and here I doe proclaime,
And personally from my owne mouth pronounce,
Sealing it with the signet of my State,
A generall immunity to all
Murders, rapes, treasons, thefts, conueyances,
Which haue beene from the birth of our deare childe,
In all the confines of our Empire done;
Nor shall your licence date be quite expired,
Till the slow yeere seuen times runnes out his course.
Our selfe thus speake it; vntill then all's free,
Kings win their subiects by immunity. Exeunt omnes.

Manet Strophius, & Electra.

Stroph. *Electra*, you are happy in your charge.

Electr. Yes, Vncle, and you happy in my fauour.

Nur. Madam, shal I stay here vntill you come? comes back.

F

Elect. Yes,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Electr. Yes, Nurse, sit downe and sing, looke to the Babe,
I'll onely with my Vncle change a word.

*Nurse
sings.*

Lullaby, lullaby Baby,
Great Argos toy,
The King of Greece thou art borne to be,
In despite of Troy.
Rest euer wait upon thy head,
Sleepe close thine eyes;
The blessed guard send on thy bed
Of Dæries.
O, how this brow will besee me a crowne!
How these lockes will shine!
Like the raies of the Sun on the ground,
These lockes of thine.
The Nurse of heauen still send thee milk,
Maist thou suck a Queene.
Thy drinke Ioues Nectar and cloaths of silke,
A God mayst thou seeme.
Cupid sit on this Rosean cheek,
On these rubie lips
May thy minde like a Lambe be meeke,
In the vales which trips,
Lullaby, Lullaby Baby, &c.

Elect. You neuer heard from my brother, Vncle,
Nor from your sonne, they haue beene long away?

Stroph. In troth, *Electra*, I am in despaire,
Almost of euer seeing them againe;
Sure if *Orestes* liue, and euer heare,
Vnto what passe *Aegistheus* brings his state,
Seated him in the throne of his mothers bed;
And like to leaue *Argos* hereditary
To his posterity, it cannot e'r be borne,
Orestes spirit will endure no scorne.

Elect. Vncle, his long delayes make mee surmise,
Or he will neuer come, or come with prize;
Hee, if now come, hee must not shew himselfe,
But liue vnknowne, vnnam'd, or change his name.

Sir. Hisname, *Electra*, yes, and's nature too,

Which

The Tragedy of Orestes.

Which I doe feare me hee will hardly doe.
But if we hear not from them now e're long,
I'll listen by some meanes about the land,
To heare of them; meane time you to your charge,
Officious duty must our liues enlarge.

Exit. Come Nurse.

Exeunt.

SCEN. II.

Enter Orestes, and Pylades.

Orest. **O**, here's the Palace vnder whose kinde rooffe
My tender yeeres were gently fostered:
But now the sight on't seemes to strike my soule,
When I but thinke it holds within the walls,
The patrons of such lust incarnate diuells,
Mere Pythonists, that fascinate the world.

Pyl. Nay, but *Orestes*, thinke now of your seife,
Complaine not of your wrongs, but seeke to right them.
We might haue liu'd i'th woods still to complaine,
And to that purpose wee may turne againe.
Whet vp your former thoughts, and spend not time,
To raue, but to reuenge this odious act.

We know they were their shapes, and no Chymera's.

Orest. O, *Pylades*, knew I thou art my friend?

Pyl. I hope you thinke it. *Orest.* I doe, I dare sweare it,
So I dare sweare it was *Aegistheus*, and
The dumbe witch, the O, what things enough
To be an attribute to terme her by.

The *Clytemnestra*, O, wee saw her do't.

Pyl. 'Twas a blacke deede indeede, and past all thought.

Orest. O, hell it selfe has not the pattern to't:
Some stench, some fogs, vapours stop their breath,
Exhale from out the dampish wombe of Styx,
Did euer foule, disastrous, friendlike hands,
Cast vp so huge a heape of hell-bred mischief.
Were I to dine to'th depth of *Phlagon*,
Or fetch young *Ganimed* from the armes of *Ioue*,
To rend *Proserpin* from *Pluto's* bed,
Or take the vulture from off *Titius* heart,
And set it on my mothers, I'd do't;

The Tragedie of Orestes.

I'll breake ope doores, and nayle 'em to their bed;
Harka, reuenge calls mee, I, I come, I come,

Pyl. Nay, still outrageous friend, good now containe
Your heady fury in wisdomes reyne:
Harken to my aduice. *Orest.* I will, deare friend,
Thou hast plaid musique to my dolefull soule;
And when my heatt was tympaniz'd with griefe,
Thou lauedst out some into thy heart from mine,
And kept it so from bursting; thou hast tide
With thy kinde counsell, as these loosned strings,
They should not cracke asunder with their weight.

Pyl. Then listen now, the best plot I can thinke,
Is this: wee here will liue a while vnknowne;
Orestes, thy profession shall be physicke,
I as your friend t'company you at Court;
Carry it neatly, learne a few strange words,
Palliate your woe a while, and coope vp griefe,
You may in time so minister to the King,
Physiques occasion fit reuenge may bring.

Orest. Rarely inuented, I'll speake Amphorismes,
Sublim'd purgations, Quintessence distill'd.
Each dose I giue shall make a heart to bleed,
And proue a true Physician so indeed.

Enter Misolander, hauing o'r-heard their talke.

Mis. 'Twas my good Genius guided me here now,
To heare conspiracie; wherefore I'll attach them.
Saue you Gentlemen. *Ore.* Saue you too, if you please.

Pyl. Sir, 'twas small manners to interrupt our talke,
And gine no warning of your being neere.

Mis. Warning? you shall haue warning, yes, I know
I heard you both, and vnderstood your plot,
You'll turne Physician, Sir, and giue rare glisters,
Shall worke like *Sublim*, to purge out hearts,
You thought to act well true Physicians parts.

Ore. Therefore on thee our medicine first shall worke.

Mis. Help, murder, *Ore.* Nay Parasite I'll gag you, *Stabs*
You shall not fawne againe, or wag your tayle, *him.*
When the King nods. *Mis.* O help me, I am slaine.
Stop his breath quickly, if but he be dead;

The Tragedie of Orestes.

We may escape the danger of the treason,
Nay he is silent; O but we are beset.

SCENE. III.

Enter a Lord and others at the out-cry.

Lor. **L**ooke out, me thought I heard one cry out murder;
Some voyce I am sure did disturbe the court,
It was *Misanders* voyce me thought that cried, *Spies him*
And see hee's flaine; one whom the Kings esteeme *(dead)*
Did ranke among the best; there are the murderers,
Fellows, how durst you thus abuse the court?
Got, haste to th' King, tell him the men be here:

Pyliad. Gentlemen, we as loungers to the court,
Came here as strangers, for to see the King,
This man being comming out, too soone for vs him to see
And for himselfe vs'd vs vnciuilly,
We haue been gentlemen, though our Fortune now
Haue put on beggars weeds vpon our backs,
Who answering in the same sort he propos'd,
He strooke vs, and men cannot indure blows;
So thinking much to be strooke againe,
He grew so hot, he drew and made a Stab,
At which encounter both inclosing him
'Twixt vs, he tooke a wound worse then we thought
To giue, for we did thinke to haue giuen none;
But since 'tis thus, we must appeale to th' King.

Lor. Yes; and here comes his Majesty in person.

SCENE. IV.

Enter Agestou, with a guard.

Agestou. **A** Guard there on vs, here is murder don;
What is *Misander* kild our trusty seruant?
Where are the villaines?

Orest. O hold good heart, harke, harke, hee calls vs villaines;
Agest. What is the matter, speake, how came he dead?
They shall die two deaths, that did cause him one.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Orest. O I am now yndon; he must sit iudge,
To condemne vs that should massacre himi.

Pyl. Nay keepe a temper, hold good friend a while.

Lord. My gracious Soueraigne, these two be the men,
Which haue confests'd the deed :

Aegst. Are you the men which thus abus'd our state,
Was't one or both, if both, you both shall die,
If one, that one, we are iust in our decree.

SCEN. V.

Enter Clyt. Tynd. Strophius; Electra.

VV Hat, is my Queene come here, to heare the cause,
Wee'll then ascend, and iudge them instantly.

Or. O crack my eye-strings, let these balls drop out (cends
Or the quick sights like darts fly to their souls, (the throne
And pierce their entralls; he King, my mother Queen!

The *Brisis* and *Achilles*, that in my dreame,
We come to be condemn'd amongst our friends;
I will to speake to them, *Electra's* there;

And *Strophius* your old father; *Pylades*.

Pyl. Shew thy selfe valerous, O' recome thy selfe;
If we be known, we surely are condemn'd.

Aegst. Father, Lord *Strophius* sit and heare the cause.

Clyt. Why, my Lord, what is't makes the busines thus?

Aegst. My queene shall strait way know, bring them away,
Although it is not fallen out of our minde,
Of a free act or pardon of all faults,
Committed in the date of such a time,
Our hand of mercy must not be so soft,
To couer or'e with gentle lenity,

Such vicerous sores as these; there is no place

For mercy left; murder must not find grace :

Therefore our doome is past, one needs must die,

Blood still for blood vnto the gods will cry.

Orest. Then, if thy doome be spent, great King here stands;
The man that did it, shewing his guilty hands.

Pylad. O hold thy doome a while, it was not he,
His serious studies in the learned Arts,

Hearing

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Hearing acute Philosophers dispute
Twixt life and death, and of a future state
Would faine haste to it; but the man was I,
Beleeue not him, 'twas his desire to die.

Orest. No King, 'tis he which in his desperate thoughts,
Would loofe the bands betwixt his soule and him,
Ones selfe against ones selfe is witnes store,
My selfe confesses, what wouldst thou haue more. *kneels.*

Pyl. Beleeue him not, vpon my knees I vow,
These hands are only branded with the guilt,
And for ones blood, let not two liues be spilt.

Orest. And on my knees I the like oath doe take,
I gaue the stab, my dagger's bloody yet.

Pylad. That was my dagger King, he took't from me,

Or. He do's me wrong, by heauen 'twas euer mine.

Egyt. This doth amaze vs, I ne're yet saw two
Turns Rhetoricians so to plead for death.
Would not the pardon of this odious fact,
Like a foule stench, or an vnwholesome ayre,
Send an infectious vapour through the land,
And choake vp Iustice; this fidelity
Should for this one time set two murderers free.

Cl. Now good my loue, me thinks I pittie them,
And prethee for my sake, I know them not,
Abate thy edge of Iustice for this once.

Orest. O what she spoke, to dambe, it had been better.

Egyt. My loue, thou knowst I neuer looke too sterne;
Vpon a fault that could aske lenity;
But this is so transcendant, and so great,
It must not be slip't without impunity,
To doe a haynous murder, and i'th court,
I'th place of Iustice, where the King might heare,
Vpon a chiefe attendant of the Kings,
Murder it selfe is past all expiation,
The greatest crime that Nature doth abhorre,
Not being, is abominable to her,
And when we be, make others not to be,
'Tis worse then bestiall, and we did not so,
When onely we by natures ayd did liue;
A Heterogenious kinde, as semib easts,

When

The Tragedie of Orestes.

When reason challeng'd scarce a part in vs,
But now doth manhood and civility
Stand at the bar of iustice, and there plead,
How much the'r wronged, and how much defac't
When man doth die his hands in blood of man,
Iudgement it selfe would scarce a law enact
Against the murderer, thinking it a fact,
That man 'gainst and would neuer dare commit,
Since the worst things of nature doe not it.

Orest. O how his words now raile against a sinne,
Which beat vpon his conscious thoughts within.
His tongue speaks faire, his in parts, looke on them,
And they like Iury-men him selfe condemne.

Pyl. But O great King, if iustice must haue right,
Let me stand only guilty in thy sight.

Orest. No 'tis not King, 'twas I that did the deed,
And for my action, let no other bleed.

Egyst. In troth this make my doome it cannot fall:
Will none of you confesse? *Strophius weeps.*

Orest. Yes, I confesse. *Pylad.* No King, 'tis I confesse.

Egyst. How now Lord *Strophius*, what affect you so;
That makes your teares be wrayers of some passion.

Stroph. My gracious soueraigns, this strange spectacle
Renues the memory of my once great losse,
And my deare *Queens*, we once were blest with two,
Which so had link'd themselves in bands of Loue,
As these men now doe seeme to me they haue.
One streame of loue did in two hearts so glide,
One with the other liu'd, with other dide.

And would my *Queene* be my competitor,
For our sons sake my suits should ioyne with her,
Since Iustice craves but one, and both will goe,
Euen saue them both, and right wrong iustice so.

Clytem. I, good my loue, let iustice come and looke,
If she can finde in all her statute booke,
Two men for the same crime should rightly die;
She will not say so, iustice cannot lie.

And since they both will die, let ones loue saue
The others life, and so both life shall haue.

Agam. In troth my *Queen*, and my old Lord haue mou'd
Well,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Well, since your loues are both so strongly tide,
And friendship like an old acquaintance lends
To her friend, Iustice, that she should be milde,
And looks with eyes of mercy, on your fault,
Considering our immunity proclaim'd,
And such petitioners as you both haue got,
Death in our sentence now shall haue no part,
Whilst who should haue done worst confession strines,
Too much confession thus saues two mens liues:
But now we must demand what you made here,
What busines or condition you professe.

Pylad. Great King, our duty owes to thee our liues,
And were we men that striu'd to set a cloud
Before these gifts, Art hath instructed vs:
Or we haue purchac't at a most deare rate,
Of cost and labour, yet thy clemency
Commands vs to lay open all to thee,
Yet for my selfe I rather count my state,
Blest that I lighted on this happy man,
Whose accurate and watchfull indagation,
Hath taught him for to heale the wounds of Nature,
By his exceeding skill in wholesome hearbs,
One that when I did thinke my thred of life
Had beene quite cut, did tie it vp againe,
And make it last: recald my youthfull dayes,
And made me *Aeson*-like becom thus yong,
For which great practises I did owe my life,
And thence proceeded our late pious strife.

Aeg. Nay then I'me glad our mercy did extend
On men whom such rare vertues doe commend;
Or loues shall then grow greater, and our court
Shall entertaine you, and't may chance we will,
My queene and I make triall of your skill.

Orest. My gracious soueraigne, words must not haue wings,
To passe and out-flye the bounds of truth,
Onely to win the *Elixir* of opinion;
But for my friend doth here professe so much,
And for my life doe stand so deeply bound,
That all my Art can ne're make recompence,
Pleafe but your graces selfe and your deare queen,

G

Appoint

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Appoint the secrets of the safest roome,
To let me shew my selfe to none but you;
Though Nature dried vp with too much time,
Deny to spring in fruite from forth your loynes,
Or any other strange impediment,
Or Art preserues from sicknesse ruining,
And 'twill be blest to shew it to a King.

Aegst. Ha, prethee let me speake with thee apart.
Thou strik'st on tunes now, make me glad to heare,
We will commit our secrecie to thee,
Can'st water barren wombs with such a dew,
Shall make 'em flourish and wax green with fruit?
Although we cannot altogether blame,
That Nature hath been too unkind to vs,
Yet we would plant each corner of our Realme,
With springing branches of our royall selfe,
To compasse in our selues, and we stand in the midst:
Kings in their children doe great blessing finde,
And great men loue to propagate their kind.

Orest. Great Soueraigne, boasting words shall ne're out-
The things I will performe, I speake not fame, (weigh
But what I first haue said, I'll doe the same.

Aegst. We like thy temper well, and we will trust,
Therefore this night we will appoint it so,
Thou shalt be guided to our secretst roome,
And there shalt vse thy skill; which if it take,
Or loue shall honour thee for Physicks sake.

Exeunt Aegst. Clyt. Tind.

Orest. Good heauens I thanke you, your effectuall power
Hath shewed your iustice in this blessed houre, *They take Str.*
Now is occasion put, thus murder layes : (and *Elett. back.*
The trap wherein it selfe, it selfe betrayes.

Pyl. Old Lord a word with you, *Orest.* and with you Lady.

Pyl. Had not you once a Son lou'd the young Prince?

Stop. Yes Sir, but Fares enuied my happines,
And holds both Prince and Son away too long.

Orest. And had not you a brother Lady once?
When heard you of him last? he went trauell.

Elett. In truth I had, but I can heare no news. *They discover*
O see my son, welcome my dearest boy. (*themselves*
Elett.

The Tragedy of Orestes.

Elect. Our brother, our *Orestes* is come home.

Stroph. 'Tis they indeed, O how my blood reuiues,
Let me embrace them, O ye'r welcome home,
Now is the Autumne of our sorrow done.

Elect. What silent place hath smothered you so long?
Of what great power haue you counsaile ta'ne,
Concerning the great plot you had in hand.

Orest. Vncle, and sister, we must not stand now
Embracing much, and bidding welcome home,
You see before I come, how things doe stand;
My busines hastens, and my friend, and I,
Haue yet a greater proiect to performe:
Onely *Electra* we must haue your ayde,
To helpe with their child, for now's the time,
When blest occasion struiues to helpe reuenge.

Elect. Why brother, is the child in any fault,
That was vnborne when that our Father dide?
And 'tis a lusty boy: O hurt not that.

Orest. Tush, I must haue it, it shall haue no hurt,
Worse then my Father: *Elect.* Shal't not, indeed.

Orest. Belceue me, no worse hurt; but let's be gone.
I'll betripode Paracelsian.

Exeunt.

SCEN. VI.

Enter a Chamberlaine, and a boy to sweep the roome.

Cham. **B**Oy, sweepe the roome, set each thing in his place,
The King and queen take Physicke here to night.

Boy. Sir, and you'll helpe me, I am ready here, *They set*

Cham. Fetch them two chaires boy. *Boy.* Yes, Sir, *(at a table.*
What carpet meane you shall be spread a'th boord.

Cham. That of red veluet, set the silver cups,
There may be vse of them to take the potion: *Sets two bowls*
So, now all's well, the roome is well prepar'd.

Enter Orestes like a Doctor of Physicke.

Orest. Is this the roome, friend, where the King must be?

Cham. Yes, this is the roome Sir, 'tis the priuar'st, this.

Orest. You must auoyd it then, and tell his Grace,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

That I stay here provided gainst he come.

Cham. His grace shall know it.

Exit.

SCEN. VII.

Enter Pylad. with a little boy in's hand.

Pyl. **I** Faith *Orestes* prethee spare the child,
It hath no fault, but 'tis too like the mother.

Orest. Like my mother, O most execrable
Hadst rank'd the confus'd *Chaos* of all sins,
Thou couldst not haue found out a fault more blacke,
More stinking, more infectious to my heart,
Art like my mother, O transcendent crime!

Child. Some say I'me eyde like her, but in the face
I doe resemble most the King my father.

Pyl. Poore babe.

Orest. The King thy father, yes, too like them both,

Ghil. Electra saies I'me somewhat like *Orestes*,
Her brother that is dead.

Orest. How, like *Orestes*! when didst see him child.

Child. Indeed I neuer saw him, but I loue him.

Pylad. Alas, deare friend, see the pretty knaue.

Orest. Would thou wert not my mothers, I could weepe,
But see, O see now my relenting heart,
Must now grow flinty, see my Father, see,
Now to shew pittie were Impiety.

*Enter Agamemmons ghost passing o're the stage
all wounded.*

Ghost. Why flaggs reuenge? see thy now yeelding soule,
Made me burst ope my strong iawd sepulcher,
And rip the seare-cloth from my wounded breast,
O can a child smile blanke the memory,
Of all these horrid wounds, which make me grone,
In the darke cauerns of the vncought earth,
From whence I come for to infect thy soule
With ayre of vengeance, may make *Acheron*,
Yea, and our selues at the performance quake;
Fruite of our loynts, first vigor of our youth,

Looke.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Looke on these wounds, as on the *Gorgons* head,
 And turne thy heart to stone, howering reuenge
 Is false into thy hands, O graspe her close
 By her snake knotted front, and make her doe
 Things may incite a horror to her selfe.
 Forget all, mother, in that disloyall witch,
 Whose damned heate raging in strumpets blood,
 So soone did condescend to murder mee.
 By all the rites of Father, I coniure thee :
 By *Atræus*, *Atræus*, he whose reuengefull soule
 Is eccho'd through the world superlatiue;
 Doe thou make *Nemesis* as great a feast,
 And be enthroniz'd in her fire chaire,
 In her triumphant chariot euer ride,
 In which, Beares hurry her from the wombe of hell,
 And beare this Title as thy deserued hire,
 The braue reuenger of thy murdered fire.
 Thinke on me, and reuenge.

Exit.

Orest. Stay, stay, and see't,
 Stay Spright, thou strik'st no terror to my soule :
 For vnarm'd I now would dare out-looke
 Ranks of *Medusa's*, and the grim aspect
 Of the most frowning object hell affords :
 Thinke on me, and reuenge: yes, those two words
 Shall serue as burthen vnto all my acts,
 I will reuenge, and then I'll thinke on thee :
 I'll thinke on thee, and then againe reuenge,
 And stab, and wound, and still I'll thinke on thee.
 I haue a dropsie now to sucke vp fumes,
 And drinke the reaking streames of vengeance some :
 Great *Agamemmons* Ghost, I will bedew,
 Thy hearse with blood in steed of brinish teares,
 And build a pile vp of their murthred trunks,
 To burne thy marrow lesse consumed bones.
 Arrowes of forked lightning neuer flew,
 More swiftly from the awfull armes of *Ioue*,
 Then *Nemesis* blacke Scorpions from mee.
Pyl. 'Twas a strange fight. *Ore.* I, didst thou see't, friend?
 All of those wounds will I sticke in his brest.
Pyl. Alas, one will be enough for him !

The Tragedie of Oreste.

Or. I, but she shal haue more, a while go by: *Pyl. takes the child aside.*
 Were all the world their iues, the world should die.
 Now Tragedy fetch out thy crimson robes,
 And buckle sure thy purple buskins on,
 Steep't ten graines deeper in their scarlet die;
 This night shall giue mee now a deepe carouse,
 Of *Clytemnestra's* and *Aegistheus* blood,
 And *Cerberus* himselte stand by to pledge me,
 Whilest to hells fire I shall sacrifice
 Three Hecatombs; it doth the furies good,
 When e'r wee wet the Altars with such blood.
 And now yee fiends of hell, each take a place,
 As 'twere spectators at a first daies play,
 Raife all the hellish winds to expell nature;
 Great Goddesses giue me leaue now to forget
 All straines of duty; all obedient thoughts
 Die in mee quite: a mothers memory,
 Pious affections take no hold on mee.
 Be all my senses circled in with Fiends,
 And let *Erynnis* hold her flaming brand
 To guide my murderous sword; for all lights else,
 Vanish from out this Center, be this roome fraught
 So full of mischief, may make the Fabricke cracke,
 And let no time, now come into my thoughts,
 But that dire night wherein my father di'd.
 I'le onely be a Doctor now in word,
 Each potion that I giue shall be my sword:
 But I must change.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Aegistheus and Clytemnestra, in their night-robes.

Aegst. Doctor, you are busie for our comming: *Ore.*
Orest. O My gracious Lord, I had no cause to faile. *looking*
Cly. Nay, but is this fit time for physick Doctor? *on the cups.*
Orest. First, Madame, for the phylicke that I gine,
 Now the diastall fabrique of your pulse,
 Shewes all your passions most hystericall,
 Pleaseth your grace sit down? one at each end o'th Table.
Aegst.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Egyst. Yes, must wee sit, sit there my Queene.

Orest. Yes, now is *Saturne*, gouernour of nature,
In free coniunction with the planet *Venus*:

And iust at this time, *Iupiter* begat
Great *Hercules*, *Sol*, *Luna*, *Mercury*,
In that Diameter, now fauour propagation,
And now will my *Alexipharmacum*,
Stirre the *Analeprique* veynes and arteries:
If you out-lieue this night, you'll liue to see

A royall, strange, and Princely progeny. (know't:

Egyst. Think'st thou so Doctor? *Orest.* Thinke it, nay, I
Hem.

Clyt. Surely hee meanes to worke rare Art vpon vs.

Egy. Pray God thy physique take. *Ore.* Yes, it shall take.
Hem. *Pylades binds Clytemnestra to the chaire:* *Orestes,*

Egystheus: Pylades brings in the child.

Eg. Treason, we are betraid. *Orest.* Nay, tis your priuar't
View me well mother, ha, do you know me yet? (room.
Here, here's the drugs my Art hath thought vpon, *Puts off his*
Bepittlesse now *Pylades*, be my friend. *gowne.*

Child. O Helpe me father, else these men will kill mee.

Egyst. O my boy, my boy. *Orest.* O, yee'r fast bound,
Yes, hee is thine, thy face, thy eyes, thy heart,
And would I knew where Nature had couchd most,
Of thy damnd blood, I thus would let it out, *Stabs the child.*
And thus't should spirt in thy most loathed face.

Egy. O, now the heauens raïne vengeance on our heads.

Child. O mother, mother, saue me saue me father.

Orest. Hold *Pylades*, be stedfast, for by heauen
He wounds mee, that perswades me not to wound.

Clyt. O turne thy bloody weapon on my brest,
'Twas this wombe that brought forth this Babe and thee.

If that be guilty, I haue made it so.

Rip vp this place which first did bring thee forth,

'Tis I intreat thee, 'tis the mother, she

Which gaue thee house-roume here within this brest,

Vpon whose dugs thy infant lips did hang.

Orest. It was my father, he intreated you,

Who many a time had clipt you in his armes,

Who made you Queene of Greece, yes, it was hee,

Good

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Good *Agamemnon*, he did plead for life.

Aegist. Bath'st not thy hands in a poore infants blood,
Nor in thy mothers, I deserue to die:
And yet remember how my doome sa'd thee,
How easily mercy did obtaine her suit.

Orest. Nay, but *Aegistheus*, you can aggravate,
To doe a haynous murther, and i'th Court;
I'th place of Iustice, where the King might heare,
Vpon a chiefe attendant of the Kings.

Murther it selfe is past all expiation,
A crime that nature most of all abhorres,
And looke how manhood and ciuility,
Stand at the barre of Iustice, and there plead,
How much they'r wrong'd, and how much defac'd,
When man doth dye his hands in blood of man.

Now harken King, I'll vse thy Rhetorique,
Thou didst a haynous murther in the Court,
Not which the King did heare, but which he felt;
When no petition could (good man) preuaile,
Therefore this dies, this first shall haue his due: *Stabs it a-*
This mischiefe done, reuenge shall prompt a new: *gaine, that*

Aeg. O, the Gods blush, and heauen looks pale at this, *the*
A fathers face besmear'd with his owne blood. *blood spirts*
Ore. My haste deceiues my wil; tush, al this yet, *in his face.*
May be call'd piety, you shall taste too mother. *Turnes it*

Cly. O, why dos't banish nature from his place? *to her.*
Looke on thy mothers teares' worse then those grones,
And pangs she had, when she first brought thee forth,
When of thy friends or parents thou hast wrong,
Patience, not fury doth to thee belong.

Is this the blessing that thy knee should aske?
Repay't thou thus my kisses and my teares,
Which slow'd from mee to thee in tender yceres.

Orest. O why did you so banish woman-hood,
When you and this damn'd villaine, base adulterer,
Made in my fathers side so many wounds,
And brought a braue old King into this state:
See, here's his bones, my pocket can containe
Great *Agamemnon*; and repayd you thus
His kind embraces? all his louing signes?

*Pulls bones
from his
pocket.*

Aegistheus,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Aegisthus, you are thirsty, you shall drinke, *Fills two cups*
 Yes, you shall cleare your throat, by heaven you shall. *with the*

Ag. O mischief aboue mischief! what *Hemlockus* child's blood:
 Bred on a stony rock, could e'r endure *gives it them.*
 To see a fathers thirst quench'd with such blood?
 Hast thou no measure? hath reuenge no end?

Ore. Who first doth mischiefe, may keep mean i'th deed,
 But who reuengeth, must all meane exceed.
 Nay, mother, wee'll not barre you of your draught.

Clyt. O Nature, see here all thy lawe infring'd
 A mothers prayers preuaile not with her sonne.

Orest. Pray with *Thyestes*, it shall neuer moue me:

But first, *Aegisthus*, do thou haste reuenge. *Stabs him.*

Aegist. O, I am wounded, O when do'st thou end?

Or. Nay, I haue scarce begun, now mother, you, *Stabs her.*
 So now I'll stand and looke, and on hell call,
 Nay, my reuenge must not be vnuall;

One more for thee *Aegisthus*; onely let out,
 The blood you dranke before. *Aegist.* O, my heart feeles it,

Orest. Now mother you, and your loue the same.

Clyt. O kill me quickly, time prolongs my woe,
 And since I must die, let me quickly goe.

Orest. You know your sentence, let him feele hee dies,
 Who strait threats death, knowes not to tyrannize.

Aeg. This brings ten deaths. *Or.* Would't would a hundred
 One death's too little to reuenge a King. *(bring,*

Hence, hence, adulterous soule to *Tantalus*,
 And let hell know who 'twas sent thee thither: *He dies.*

Now, mother, you shall follow, but he first,
 Lest that like louers you goe hand in hand.

Clyt. Why sonne, whose death is it thou dost reuenge?
 Thy fathers? but on whom? vpon thy mother!

On her which brought thee forth, which took most care,
 To bring thee vp, from whom thou tookst thy selfe,

Thou'rt sure thou art mine, but dost not know,
 Who twas begat thee. *Ore.* Wilt Bastardize me?

Yes, mother, yes, I know I was his sonne:

Alas! why, what are you? a senselesse peece
 Of rotten earth can doe as much to come,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

As you to me, beare it, and bring it forth,
But *Agamemnon* he that seed did sow,
And onely vnto him my selfe I owe:
And for him thou shalt die. *Cl.* O, I confesse,
My conscience tells mee, I deserue no lesse:
And thus thy mother from thee doth depart,
Leauing vexation to torment thy heart:

She dies.

Orest. Now friend, I see my father liue againe,
And in his royall state at *Argos* Court:
This is the night in which hee first came home,
Oblest powers of hell, diuine *Canidia*,
Now am I satisfied, now hath reuenge perfection.
And nothing grieues me, but that *Tyndarus*,
My mothers father, did not see her dye.
He in and tell him, my thoughts must reueale
Those acts I doe: this night who would conceale?
Now soule triumph, whilst that my deeds shall shine,
Th face o' th Court, and all the world know't mine.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Enter Orestes in his gowne: Tyndarus: Strophius: Electra:
Pylades: two Lords.*

Orest. MY Lord your daughters potion works most rare,
The King's asleepe, God blesse his Maiesty. (L.)

O. doe not wake him, faith 'tis pittie, la:

Tyn. What doe I see? ha, blood? the little child
Dead; his daughter bleed, *Aegystus* kill'd?

Orest. Your Lordships eyes doe faile, 'tis but spilt w^{ter}

Tynd. Lay hands o' th villaine, 'tis the Physicians de^u

Orest. Nay friends, hands off, 'tis no Physician now: D^e
See, see, old *Tyndarus*, dost thou know me yet? *uers him*
Fetch me my Crowne and robes, nay, I'll ascend:
Is not *Atrides* eldest sonne your King?

Tyn. What hast thou done, foule Viper, to eat out
Thy mothers bowells, what, was this thy deede?

Thy silence saies 'twas thine, what *Tanaïs*

Tygris or *Rhenus*, or what flowing sea,

Should wash thee in the salt *Meotis* streame,

The Tragedy of Orestes.

Or *Tethis* at full tide o'rflow thy banks,
Still would the spots of murder sticke on them.

Orest. Why Grandfire, I goe not about to wash,
By heauen, 'twas all the fruit I thought to win,
To thinke all mischiefe here could be no sinne.

Tynd. See, see, thy mother, looke vpon her now,
On her, whose eyes thou hast for euer clos'd,
Which eyes haue often wakned at thy cry,
And hush'd thee with a lullaby to sleepe:
See, see, these hands, which oft with so much care,
Wrapt gently vp thy vnset tender limbs:
See, see, this face, wont at thy signes to smile,
When nature gaue not leaue vnto thy tongue.
To vtter thy child's meaning.

Ore. See, see these bones, these nasty rotten bones,
Which had so often lock'd his hands in hers;
Here stood the tougue which oft had call'd her sweet,
Deare *Glytemnestra*, and then stopt his speech,
And told his loue in a more speaking signe.
Here stood those eyes, which fed vpon her face,
And made her of thy daughter, a great Queene,
And shee made him a dish for loathed wormes.

Tyn. Suppose she did, there was but one yet dead;
And with ones death againe should be repaid.

Orest. No, *Tyndarus*, had I desir'd but one,
I should haue thought I had desired none.
Why, me thinks, I should too haue kill'd thee,
The number is too little yet of three.

Tyn. Into what land, what conuntry wilt thou fly?
All earths, all lands, all countries will flie thee:
The heauens will look with a more cherefull brow
On *Cerberus*.

Orest. Why, let heauen looke as 'twill, it is my crowne,
That I haue done an act shall make heauen frowne:

Tynd. O, what earth loues so much a guilty soule,
That it can beare thee? *Ore.* Why, Sir, this is mine,
And this shall beare mee. Am I not righ heire?

Tynd. Thou heire to kingdomes! thou a subiect rather,
To helpe to make a Players Tragedie.

Orest. Why, that will make me swell with greater pride,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

To thinke my name shall drop in lines of blood;
From some great poets quills, who well shall paint
How brauely I reueng'd my fathers death,
That is the thing I wish'd, and 'tis my glory,
I shall be matter for so braue a story.
But where's my Crowne?

1 *Lord.* No murderers, wee'll rather ioyne with him,
This old man here to take away thy life,
Then such an homicide shall frame vs lawes,
Who hath himselfe rac'd out the lawes of Nature.

2 *Lord.* Yes, and wee'll set here *Argos* Crowne on him,
Who shall enact some punishment for thee;
Which although none can equalize this deed,
Yet what our griefes can thinke, all shall be done,
And wee'll forget thou'rt *Agamemnons* sonne.

Ore. Why, thinke you vpon your worst, I scorne to craue,
I had three liues, you but my one shall haue.

Tyn. Then since vile wretch thou hast committed that,
Which while there is a world, throughout the world
VWill be pronounc'd for the most horrid deede
That euer came into the thought of man;
A thing which all will talke of, none allow;
I here disclaime that name of Grandfather,
And I must quite forget that in thy veynes,
My blood doth flow, but thinke it then let out,
VWhen thou letst out my daughters; and since you
Kinde Lords commit the state vnto my yeeres,
Yeeres too vnfit, heauens know, to beare a state:
My mind, me thinks, contends for to decree
Somewhat, which to my selfe I dare not tell:
Iust conceiu'd wrath, and my affection striues,
Hate forbids pitty, pitty forbids hate,
And exile is but barren punishment:
Yet let me banish thee from out these eyes,
O neuer let thy sight offend me more,
All thy confederates, and all thy friends.
You, *Pylades*, wick did so sinoothly cloake,
The damnde profelsion hee did vndertake:
You, *Strophius*. *Stroph.* My Lord, I know not ought,
Yet, since one foot is now in *Charons* boat,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

If it please you, lett other too asloate.

Tynd. Not so, but I will banish you the court,
And you *Electra*, come, I must forget
Affection too towards you, you gaue the child,
Which you had charge of to the murderers sword.

Elect. Why Grandfire, I herin no wrong do finde,
Since all these goe, I would not stay behinde.

Tyn. Nay, but no one shall company the other,
Hence thou *Cocytus* streame of this offence,
Strophius & Pylades, Electra, hence: *Exeunt Stroph. Pyl. Elect.*

Orest. Why farewell Grandfire, since thou bidst, I flie,
And scorn companions for my misery. *Exit Orest.*

Tynd. Vnto this punishment this one more I adde,
That none shall dare to giue *Orestes* foode,
And this decree shall stand; I speake with griefe,
And here pronounce *Orestes* no reliefe.
Hence with these corps; poore child what hadst thou don?
Thy Nurses prayers, that there might spring a rose,
Where e're thou trod'st could not keepe backe thy foes.
Some plague he hath, but such a matricide
Should neuer die, although he euer did.

SCEN. II.

Enter Elect. and Stroph.

Elect. **T**HUS neuer lesse alone, then when alone,
Where to our selues we sweetly tell our woes,
Thou Vncle, cheife companion to our griefes,
And sole partaker of our miseries,
Why doe we liue, when now 'tis come to passe,
It is scarce knowne that *Agamemnon* was,
He dies far easier, who at first doth drowne,
Then he which long doth swim, and then sinks down.

Stroph. Nay Neece, me thinks I now doe see the Hauen.
Where my ag'de soule, must leaue this tosed barke,
Made weak with yeeres and woes, yet I commend
Vnto my Son the heart of a true friend,
That's all the will I leaue, and let him know
Friendship should euer be, but most in woe.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

And so I leaue thee Neece, I first must die,
To haste a periede to this Tragedy. *He dies.*

Elett. O enuious Fates could you not vse me thus?

Haue not I grieffe enough to burst my heart?
Was my life's thred twisted and knit so strong?

That the keen edge of all these miseries
Can neuer cut it off; Must I beare more?

'Tis all my safety now not to be safe,
Are there so many wayes to rid ones life?

And can I hit on none? they say that death
Is euery where, and yet I finde him not:

Tush, but I seeke him not, why my owne hand
Might graspe him to me, if I did but strue.

Now hand helpe ease my heart, and make a way
To let our grieffe, that hath so long dwelt here,

Now knife tha't don good seruice, there lie by,
Heauen well decreed it, nothing life can giue,

But euery thing can make vs not liue.

*Stabs her
(selfe)*

SCEN. III.

Enter Cassandra.

NOW *Priams* ghost, haste, haste, I say to looke,
With chearefull eyes on the sinister booke,
And there to *Hecuba* my mother show
The tragique story of thy conquered foe.
And let *Andromacha* my sister see,
What *Agamemnons* race is come to be.
Now Troy gratifie that most sad doome,
Conquered by those that thus themselues or'come,
Let Greece so flourish still, let *Argos* be
Pust with the pride of their great victory.
Let it beare Souldiers, so withall it beare
Orestes too; now mother neuer feare
Argos makes me to laugh, which made thee weep,
The Troians in the graue now sweetly sleep.
Their sorrow hath the end, now these begin
To ouerflow themselues with mutuall sin:
And after all, *Orestes*, we may see,
Hath lost his reason, mans sole proper e.

SCEN.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

SCEN. IV.

Enter Orestes furens.

Orest. BY heauen you shall not, nay, I am decreed,
Doe teare, teare me, yes, I haue deseru'd ic.

Cass. O braue, O braue, hee's mad as well as I;
I'me glad my madnes hath got companie.

Orest. Mother, why mother will you kill my father?
Then I'll kill you; tush, I haue don't already.

Much patience will grow fury in time,
Follow you me, you beast, you damn'd *Aegistfeus*,
I'll hew thee piece by piece, looke of my mother.

Cass. I am she, or one loues thee well.

[*Orest.* Out you witch, you witch. *Cas.* Murderer, murderer,

Orest. Dost whisper with the diuells, to torment mee,

O how they lash me with their tnaky whips,

Why *Megara, Megera*, wilt not hold thy hand?

Are you there too, *Erynus*? hay, all hell,

My Grandfire *Atreus* he stands fighting there,

But hee'll ha'th better on't; keep *Cerberus* keepe,

Keepe the fates fast, or all hell breakes loose.

Mother I see you, O you are a whore,

Did I kill you witch, dost thou lash, dost thou?

Cass. Why this is fine, my very looks doe whip him.

Orest. Could I but get the stone from *Sisyphus*,
I'de dash thy braines out; O are you there I faith, *Spies Stro.*
A bed so close with your adulterer, (*and Elect. dead.*)

I'll stab your lustfull soules with your owne knives. *Stabs*

Cas. O clap, clap, O rare beyond expectation, (*them with*
Hold good heart, do not burst with laughter, (*Electra's knife.*)

Orest. Will you not wake, sleepe, sleepe then your last,
Looke how they fly'th ayre. *Cass.* I see them see them,

Orest. Why *Ioue*, dost meane to let them into heauen,

O th'art come downe, and gon to hell,

Pluto, see *Pluto* hee's afraid of them,

O spare my sides, my sides, my sides, the blood

O now you touch my ribs:

Cas. Hay, how he skips, O excellent, whips himselfe,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Of sweet Catastrophy, do's none see't but I?
 Clap, clap, againe, would all *Priams* sons,
 And daughters were here now to helpe me laugh.
Orest. Lash on, lash on *Camdia*, art thou there?
 Why grandfire would it were to doe againe,
 Nay *Aacus* I feare no whipping posts, *currentes*
 Laugh' st thou, thou witch? I'll follow thee to hell. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

Enter Pylad. alone.

Pyl. **T**HUS seeking others, I haue lost my selfe,
 My friend and father banisht, and whilst I
 Wander to seeke them for to ease their woe,
 I heare more grieve proclam'd against my friend,
 That none must succor, none must giue him foode,
 And yet I'll seeke him, and should all the lawes,
 That Tyranny should thinke vpon, restraine,
 I'de draw my blood forth for let him drinke,
 But O what's here? O I haue found too soone, *Spies Stroph.*
 One which I sought, my Fathers wearied soule *(dead.*
 In sighes hath now expired out it selfe.
 Now O ye Sisters, your great taske is done,
 You ne're vntwinde what you haue once begun.
 Thus obuious to our Fates t'our selues vnkind,
 We haste to seeke, that which too soone we finde.
 Alas why doe our souls too greedy burn,
 To hasten thither whence we ne're return,
 We run to't of our selues, though death were slow,
 Should he come tardy, we too soone should goe.
 For the first day that giues vs our first breath,
 Doth make vs a day nearer vnto death.
 All this huge world, which now on earth so strive,
 To morrow this time may nor be aliue.
 Great Troy is downe since *Agamemnon* fell,
 Since my deare Father, which but now was well.
 O art thou come deare friend, for thee I sought, *Enter Orest.*
 Her's some foode yet, in spight of all the lawes:
Orest. Wilt bid me to dinner *Pluto*, ha, with what?

Giue

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Giue me no snakes, I, I goe, I goe,
Vp to *Cytherus* top, I hate thy meate.

Pyl. Heauen! hee's distracted, now doth fury right,
When thus against her selfe, her selfe doth fight.

'Tis I man here, 'tis *Pylades*, not *Pluto*;

Orest. Ha, *Pylades*, I, they haue banisht him,
But grandfire looke too't, I'll teare out your maw,

Pylades, *Pylades* I come —

Pylad. Why I am hee, looke friend, dost not know me.

Orest. Yes, yes thou wert with me when I kild my mother
And see, the Furies now would whip thee too,

Alecto looke, looke, here's *Alecto* too,

O *Clytemnestra*, hay, how the lion skips,

And *Taurus* he would tosse me on his hornes.

Looke on the Ramme, see the Beare roares at me,

And *Charon* he would fling me into *Styx*.

Pylad. He feares the heauenly signes, nay then now time
Hath brought true punishment on euery crime.

Orest. Dash out the puppets braines, the little boy,

The bastard, my mothers bastard: so blood, spin,

My mother kild my Father, kild the King,

But she got little by't, looke on her brest

It bleeds, it bleeds; so, so *Aegistheus*, so.

Pylad. O what a strange distemper stirs his braine,

Thou gentle *Somnus*, in whom care doth rest,

Kinde father of cold death, and son of peace,

Which comes to Kings and poore men all alike:

Binde his disturbed braine, tye vp his sense.

Let him but liue to die: now tis not long

Before we both shall sing our funerall song.

Or. Ha, must I sinke, can I not keepe a loft? / *Falls a sleepe.*

What is the streame so strong? why then I'll diue,

And come to hell the sooner. *Pylad.* So gentle sleepe,

Thou gather'st vp his wandering braines againe,

This is but halfe dead, yet halfe dead he lies,

But tis not long; before he wholly dies. *Musique within.*

Harke they play musike; O these sounds do harme,

Enticing woe with their melodious charme;

These please not men in woe; these time doe keepe,

But miseries best falling is to weepe.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Or stops at: nought but sobs, our hearts we bring.
Whercon we prickt the soules which we sing.

A song within together with the musicke.

*Weepe, weepe you Argonauts,
Bewaile the day
That first to fatall Troy
You tooke your way.
Weepe Greece, weepe Greece,
Two Kings are dead,
Argos, thou Argos, now a grave
Where Kings are buried.
No heire, no heire is left,
But one that's mad,
See Argos, hast not thou,
Cause to be sad?
Sleep, sleepe wild braine,
Rest rocke thy sence;
Lime if thou canst
To grieue for thy offence.
Weepe, weepe you Argonauts, &c.*

Pyl. Peace Musique, peace, our plaints haue louder cries,
A heart that's sad can neuer harmonize.

Griefe cannot keepe his time, all time's too long,
Sighs are best sembriefes to his dolefull Song.

My ditties mournefull though thou sweetly play.

Thus doe we all euen blow our liues away.

But doest thou wake *Orestes*? is rest fled,

Orest. wakes.

Sleep ne're dwells long in a molested head,

Orest. Harke, harke the Furies entertaine my mother,

Orpheus would fetch *Euridice* from Hell,

See, he lookes back, wouldst venter so thou foole,

I'de see my mother burnt before Ide goe,

Why shouldst thou bring her? she would stifle thee,

Stifle thee in thy bed as my mother did.

Pylad. Still harping on thy mother? *Orest.* Harping, no,

Let *Orpheus* harpe: O, I, she was, she was,

A very, very Harpie. *Pyl.* Thus madnes playes,

And keeps a certaine measure in his words,

Orest. O I suckt out my mothers dearest blood,

The Tragedy of Orestes.

I did indeed, O the plagues me fort now,
O I must goe lie downe in *Tyrius* place,
Ixion too, he Sir would faine resigne.
I scorne your petty plagues, I'll haue a worse,
O the vulture, the wheele, the vulture.

Pyl. See how his consciuous thoughts, like fiends of hell,
Doe arme themselves, and lash his guilty soule.
He see's no vulture, nor no Scorpion strikes,
Yet doth his conscience whip his bloody heart,
He needs no witnesses, he hath within
A thousand thoughts which testifie his sin.
No punishment so strickt, no deadly smart,
As priuate guilt that smiteth on the heart.

Orest. I did, I confesse I did, I kild them all,
Ript vp the wombe that bare me; nay I did,
O *Tantalus* thy plague, some meate, some meate,
Who pulls those apples hence? let them alone,
Nay sinke to the bottom, I will follow thee, *Lies downe to*
The riuers drie, my mother hath drunke all. *drinke.*

Pyl. Alas, come, goe with me, we will finde drinke.

Orest. Is *Pluto's* buttry ope, his drinks too hot,
I doubt 'twill scald me, but I'll taste on't yet
Th' *Eumenides* stand to whip me as I goe,
Nay I will passe you, I will out-slip them all. *Exit currens.*

Pyl. See in his conscience lies hels punishment,
Our own thoughts iudges none are innocent. *Exit.*

SCEN. VI.

Enter 2. Lords.

1 Lord. **W**E that haue here ben born to see this change,
May leaue the court, and tell our children
Of the dire fall of *Inachus* great house, (tales,
The young Prince mad, the Princeesse kild her selfe,
Old *Strophius* dead from griefe; and murder heapt,
Corps vpon corps, as if they mentt inuite,
All hell to supper, or som Iouiall night.

2 Lor. Nay but my Lord this is most pittifull,
That the yong Prince should thus from dore to dore,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Beg for his foode, and yet none dare to giue,
I saw him wandring yesterday alone,
Flying from euery crow, or prating Pie,
Crying out mother, and as if there had
Tormenting Furies following him with fraud,
And truth I thought to tell old *Tyndarus*,
To'moue his ruthfull yeeres to pittie him,
And will you ioyne petitioner with me,
Wee'll tell the cause, 'tis good to ease misery.

1 Lord. My Lord I like your motion, and will ioyne
For *Agamemnons* sake my honor'd Master.

Exeunt.

SCEN. VII.

Enter Orestes, Pylades, with naked rapiers.

Orest. MY Fury leaues me, now I'me at my last,
And now me thinks thou truely art a friend,
Now with vndaunted spirit preuent my griefe,
And let thy rapier drinke blood greedily,
As if it lou'd it, cause it is thy friend,
Now rid me of my woe, thy friendly vow,
Neuer did truely shew it selfe till now :

Pyl. Why then deare friend I thus erect this arme,
And will be strong to thee, as thou to me,
Wee'll looke vpon our deathes with better face,
Then others doe on life; come *Tyndarus*, see,
We scorne to liue when all our friends are dead,
Nor shall thy Fury make base famine be.
The executioner to my dearest friend,
Whilst I can kill him, therefore spight of thee,
Wee'll free our selues past all calamity,

Orest. Yes *Pylades*, we will beguile our time,
And make him search through euery nooke a'th world,
If he in all his race can euer spie,
Two that like vs did liue, like vs did die :
But we delay our death, now brauely come,
And the last parting word shall be strike home. *they run at*
Pyl. O brauely rstook deare friend yet once again. *one another*
Orest. Yes at one thrust two friends must not be slain, *run again*

The Tragedie of Orestes.

O, how I loue these wounds, heauen dropping showers,
 When the outrageous dogge makes clouds of dust
 Vpon the thirsty earth, come not more sweet,
 Then the blest streames of blood, thy rapier raines.
 Hence weapon: for my loynes now scorne all props,
 But my friends armes, O, beare good leggs a while,
 The weight of murder sits vpon my soule,
 And bends my staggering ioynts vnto the earth.

Pyl. Hast, hast, I faint, but O, yet let my strength
 Be *Atlas* to sustaine the falling world;

Breath, breath sweet vapours of two trusty hearts,
 And let our breaths ascend to heauen before,
 To make a roome hard by the frozen pole,
 Where that our winged soules shall mount and sit,
 More glorious then the Concubines of *Ioue*,
 Wreath'd with a crowne of rich enamel'd starres,
 Leauing all ages to deplore our death:

That friendships abstract perish with our breath:

Orest. Fly thou best part of man, where *Hecate*
 Borne on the swarthy shoulders of the Euen,
 Sits in a groue of oakes, till gray eye'd morne,
 Bids her to throw off nights blacke Canopie.

Pyl. Wil't die before me? Stay, stay, I come.

Orest. O graspe me then, our names like *Gemini*,
 Shall make new starres for to adorne the skie.
 Is thy breath gone? *Pyl.* O, yes, 'tis almost past,
 Then both together, thus wee'll breath our last.

They fall downe dead, embracing each other.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter in haste Tyndarus, Lords, with others.

Tynd. **V**Ent they this way? my Lords, you moue mee (much)
 Could I find him now, I would feat him new,
 In his right Kingdome, which doth weigh downe mee.

1 Lord. I see my Lord *Orestes*, and his friend,
 Without your leaue haue made themselues an end.

Tynd. Then now is *Argos* Court like to some stage,

The Tragedie of Orestes.

When the sad plot fills it with murthered Trunkes,
And none are left aliue but onely one,
To aske the kinde spectators (*plaudite*)
All else haue bid (*valere*) to the world,
The man referu'd for that, is *Tyndarus*,
Who thus hath seen his childrens childrens end,
His Grandchild, a bad sonne, a most deare friend;
The Scene must now be ouerflow'd with grones,
Each man sits downe to waile his priuate mones:
One for the Queen doth weep, one for the King,
All taste the bitter waters of this Spring:
The Nurse bewails the child, that part she beares,
All haue their subiects to bedew with teares;
Each one yet haue but one; but all of mee,
Challenge a part in griefes sad sympathy.
Orestes, *Chytemnestra*, I must call,
These all for mine, thus must I weepe for all:
Let none belieue this deed, or if they doe.
Let them belieue this punishment then too.
'Tis vile to hate a Father, but such loue,
As breeds a hate to 'th mother, worse doth proue:
Our life consists of ayre, our state of winde,
All things we leaue behind vs which wee find,
Sating our faults; witnesse *Orestes* here,
VVho was his owne tormentor, his owne feare.
VVho flying all, yet could not fly himselfe,
But needs must shipwrack vpon murders shelve:
And so his brest made hard with miserie,
He grew himselfe to be his enemy.
Thus griefe and gladnesse still by turnes do come,
But pleasure leastwhile doth possesse the roome.
Long nights of griefe may last, but lo, one day
Of shining comfort slideth soone away.
He, whom all feare on earth, must feare a fate,
For all our powers are subordinate:
Three howres space thus well can represent,
Vices contriu'd and murders punishment.
A Monarchs life can in this little space
Shew all the pompe that all the time doth grace
His risings and his falls, and in one span

The Tragedie of Orestes.

Of time, can shew the vanity of man.
For none of vs can so command the powers
That we may say, to morrow shall be ours.
Now Fortunes wheele is turn'd, and time doth call,
To solemnize this friendly funerall.
No force so great, no so disaster wrong,
As can vnknit the bands which holdeth strong
Vnited hearts: who since they thus are dead,
One roome, one tombe shall hold them buried:
And as these friends ioynd hands to beare their Fate;
So we desire you to imitate.
VVho since they all are dead, we needs must craue
Your gentle hands to bring them to their graue.

THE END.
